

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 56.—VOL. III.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.



ARABS HUNTING THE WILD-GOAT.

FROM A PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.

WHERE WE GET COAL, AND HOW.



Colliery Buildings.

A. Head-house, directly over mouth of shaft, where the coal is dumped. B. Lump-coal Shute. C. The Partition enclosing the Breaker.
D. Wing containing Screens. E. Engine-house. F. Shop.

AS we sit by a roaring fire of anthracite coal, the warmth of which thaws the family heart, or as we come in from cold and sleet to a friendly but unpoetic register, through which pours a benignant sirocco-blast from unseen nether fires; or, again, as we lounge in pleasant languor beneath the radiant jet of gas, and skim the daily paper with news from all the world, brought fresh by the good genius of the telegraph—most of us, not specially interested, skip the accounts from the coal-regions, or cast a cursory glance at the “quotations,” particularly if our winter’s coal is not all in. Farther than this, there may be an occasional wonder what miners are like; why they are on a chronic strike; or, why their striking should make us pay more for coal. Although it is one of our principal materials of industry, and one of our daily-needed commodities, the world at large remains profoundly ignorant as to what coal is; how it occurs in the earth; in what manner and by what instruments it is taken out, and how it is brought to market.

To many it appears a scientific matter, requiring a practical knowledge of mineralogy, geology, and mechanics, and is, therefore, at once difficult and unentertaining; to others it seems dirty, grimy work, with which cleanliness and refinement can have no sympathy. Coal is a necessary evil; it is somehow put into the cellar, generally when the family is out of town in the summer, and when, also, for some unknown reason, it is cheaper: it gives a delightful summer heat throughout the winter. A disaster, like that at Arondale, is simply an unknown something awful, which awakens a temporary interest in the miners and their work; and even then it is the terrible picturesque of the calamity, and not the manner of its occurrence, which claims public concern; the subterranean, wholesale, airless, rayless grave; the dead father clasping his dead child; the “boss” sitting, open-eyed, with his head upon his hand—the helpless, responsible thinker for the crowd; the fearful huddling of panic-struck, strangling humanity.

The object of this paper is to note my experience of a visit to some representative mines, for the information of such readers as I have referred to; to present them a clear and simple explanation of coal and its processes, so divested of technicalities and collateral issues, that a child may understand where we get our coal, and how.

Of course, the first question to be asked is, What is coal? There are many branches to the definition, according to the purpose of the

definer. The simplest one for our present use is, that it is *condensed fuel*, of mineral qualities, but originally vegetable, which contains a great predominance of carbon. It is, also, the principal means of obtaining the two essential elements, heat and light.

With regard to the origin of coal, and its formation in the earth, there have been numerous theories, dependent upon igneous and aqueous processes. Without citing these theories, the general statement may be thus made: A forest, buried by some convulsion of Nature, and carrying down with it smaller plants, ferns, and vines, and sometimes organic structures, is, when thus covered with sand and rocks, subjected to heat from below, and moisture from above, and to immense pressure; and then, after cycles of this combined action, in which it passes successively from wood to peat, lignite, bituminous coal, and anthracite, it is heaved up by

new convulsions, with continents and islands, and thus brought near the surface, within reach of the intelligent labor of men.

From the circumstances of its upheaval, coal rarely lies flat for considerable distances; it dips, and crops out at the surface; and it is by the outcrop and dip that the geologist can define the position of the strata beneath the surface.

It is a cause at once of wonder and thanksgiving that so invaluable a commodity has been largely distributed over the surface of the earth, and is destined, as the forests disappear, to become the fuel of the world.

England abounds in coal; France has a considerable quantity; it is found in plenty in Russia, Prussia, and Austria; while in the milder regions along the Mediterranean it scarcely occurs at all. The coal-fields of North America stand to the coal of the entire European Continent in the proportion of twenty-one to one. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the coal is rich and thick; in the United States the measures range from Canada to Mississippi, expanding in certain parts into immense basins. Laterally the coal-measures extend from the Atlantic to Kansas. India, China, and Japan, are well provided, and recent developments show that South America is not wanting in these valuable deposits. This, by-the-way, as it is no part of our present purpose to investigate the position and extent of the coal-fields on the earth’s surface. Nor can we stop to inquire how the veins or seams of coal occur. The following annotated diagram will give at a glance all the general information on that head which can be brought within the compass of this paper.

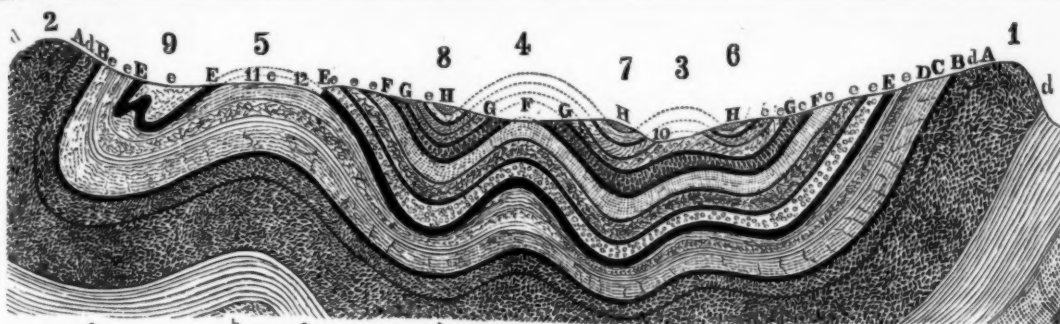
The principal varieties of coal are: I. ANTHRACITE. II. BITUMINOUS. III. BROWN LIGNITE.

In *Anthracite* coal, the volatile gases have been burned away, and it contains from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of carbon.

Bituminous coal still holds the volatile gases, which burn with a bright and bursting flame; it has from seventy-three to ninety per cent. of carbon. A certain kind of bituminous coal is called *caking* coal in England, which, as it partially fuses in burning, and forms into thick masses, is useful in iron-smelting.

Brown lignite is only partially mineralized; it shows the vegetable origin of coal, in pieces of undecomposed wood, stems, bark, etc.

Without investigating the history of coal from ancient times, to



Vertical Section across Nesquehoning Coal-basin, near Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.

EXPLANATION.

1. Locust Mountain.
2. Sharp Mountain.
3. Anticlinal Axis No. 3 (R. P. Rothwell).

4. Anticlinal Axis No. 3 (R. P. Rothwell).
5. Anticlinal Axis No. 4
6. Synclinal Axis B

7. Synclinal Axis C (R. P. Rothwell).
8. Synclinal Axis D
9. Synclinal Axis E

10. Panther Creek.
11. Summit Hill.
12. Old Quarry (coal).

1 to 5. Panther Creek Valley.

COAL-VEINS.

- A. (Rogers), 4 feet.
- B. " 5 feet.
- C. Small Veins of Coal.

- E. (Rogers), Mammoth Vein, 35 feet.
- F. " Red-ash or Pencil Vein, 15 feet.
- G. (Rothwell), Brown Vein, 5 feet.
- H. Small Upper Red-ash Veins.

- a. Red Shale (x.), Posen (Rogers), Catskill Period of Devonian Age.
- b. Sandstone (x.), Vespertine (Rogers), Lower Subcarboniferous of Carboniferous Age.
- c. Red Shale (x.), Umbra (Rogers), Upper " " "
- d. Conglomerate (x.), Small (Rogers), Millstone-grit Epoch " " "
- e. Strata of Slate and Sandstone between Coal-beds, Coal-measures of " " "

The section represents a depth of about two thousand feet. It shows two of the grand folds of the Appalachian system (1, 2), and three intermediate smaller ones (3, 4, 5).

which we have already referred in an illustrated supplement to a former number of the *JOURNAL*, it most concerns us to know that a knowledge of the existence and useful properties of anthracite coal in America is a very modern marvel. Pennsylvania has led the van in the discovery and energetic working, as she also does preëminently in the extent of her coal-fields. The story of the trials, obstacles, depression, and final triumphant success of the coal-men, is both interesting and romantic. The following statement will show how very modern these efforts and this success have been: In 1820, as an experiment, three hundred and twenty-five tons were sent to market in Philadelphia, and no one would touch it; men jeered at the folly. In 1860, eight million tons could not supply the demand, and the shipment since has been much greater.

Let us now proceed to give somewhat in detail the methods of procuring anthracite coal, and bringing it to market, including all the steps, the instruments, and the division of labor, from the time of appearing upon the ground beneath which the coal lies. We shall find the processes somewhat different from those in English mining, because of the difference in the coal, the character of the strata, and the depth of the workings:

BORING.—Having, through geological surveys and the labors of the mining engineer, determined the general position and inclination of the coal, to certify ourselves still further, it is generally necessary to have recourse to boring. The difficulty of this process depends upon circumstances. Sometimes it is only necessary to do this by hand, with common iron rods screwed together, and by making a hole from three to five inches in diameter: the soil, being pumped up by water, shows us the nature of the strata by the mud, rock, and coal, thus brought up. Usually, however, a shallow pit is first dug with pick and shovel, over which a platform is laid, and shear-legs set up for lowering and raising the rods. Then a steeled or chiselled bit is screwed to bar-iron rods, screw-jointed at intervals of from ten to fifteen feet; the rod is lowered by a windlass, and has a rotary motion; the hole, where the soil is of crumbling nature, may be lined with sheet-iron or wooden pipes added from above as the hole is deepened.

Without dwelling upon this process, let us suppose the position and direction of the coal to be thus determined; the next thing is to decide whether it will be most easily and least expensively reached by a *slope* or a *vertical shaft*. The other method of mining—i. e., by a *horizontal tunnel*—need not be now considered; it presupposes a side-hill, through which the coal may be tapped on a level; but it is usually expensive to reach the coal in this way. When it can be done, it dispenses with the labor and danger of hoisting, and gives far less trouble from the accumulation of water in the mine.

Most of the mines in Pennsylvania are reached by slopes or shafts,

depending upon the formation. One mine which I visited was reached by a slope, about one thousand feet long, to its lowest level; the inclination for a part of the descent was about forty degrees, and for the remainder fifty-four degrees; the latter portion giving one an uncomfortable feeling that the car would pitch over. The car is lowered down the slope on a railway by a strong cable fastened to hooks at the rear, and which passes over a drum in the engine-house at the top.

Let us make our essay in an ideal mine by the third method—i. e., *sinking a shaft*. The boring having determined for us where the shaft is to be sunk, so that we may reach a workable vein, or perhaps several—passing through some at different depths—the next thing is to make the excavation. This shaft in America is usually a rectangular pit—in the English collieries it is generally circular or oval—and it contains the *carriage-way*, called also the *down-cast*, since the air goes down into the mine; the *air-way*, called also the *up-cast*, because the air from the mine ascends through it; and the *pump-way*, which is very frequently in the air-way.

The shaft is usually about ten feet by twenty-two; it is sunk in one pit, and passes through the various strata through one or more veins until a profitable vein is reached at such depth as utility and economy dictate. Many shafts are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in depth; some much deeper. As the pit is deepened, sometimes a windlass, worked by a horse and gin, but most frequently a steam-engine, is used in hoisting out the earth and rock excavated.

The seat, or bed, of the coal is usually found to be a fire-clay, sometimes very soft. The roof of the coal, particularly in the Lehigh region, is a sandstone, and frequently between this and the coal is a thin layer of tenacious shale or slate. When the sides of the shaft are of firm rock, and especially where the pit is not deep, it is unnecessary to use lining for the sides; but, where shales predominate, or where the strata are sandy or pebbly, accompanied with much water, recourse is had to various means of supporting the sides. Especially in the deep English mines, this is a problem of chief importance. Sometimes wooden curbs, with a backing of planks, are used; but it is frequently necessary to build up walls of brick, or even of iron cylinders, or cast-iron tubbing-plates.

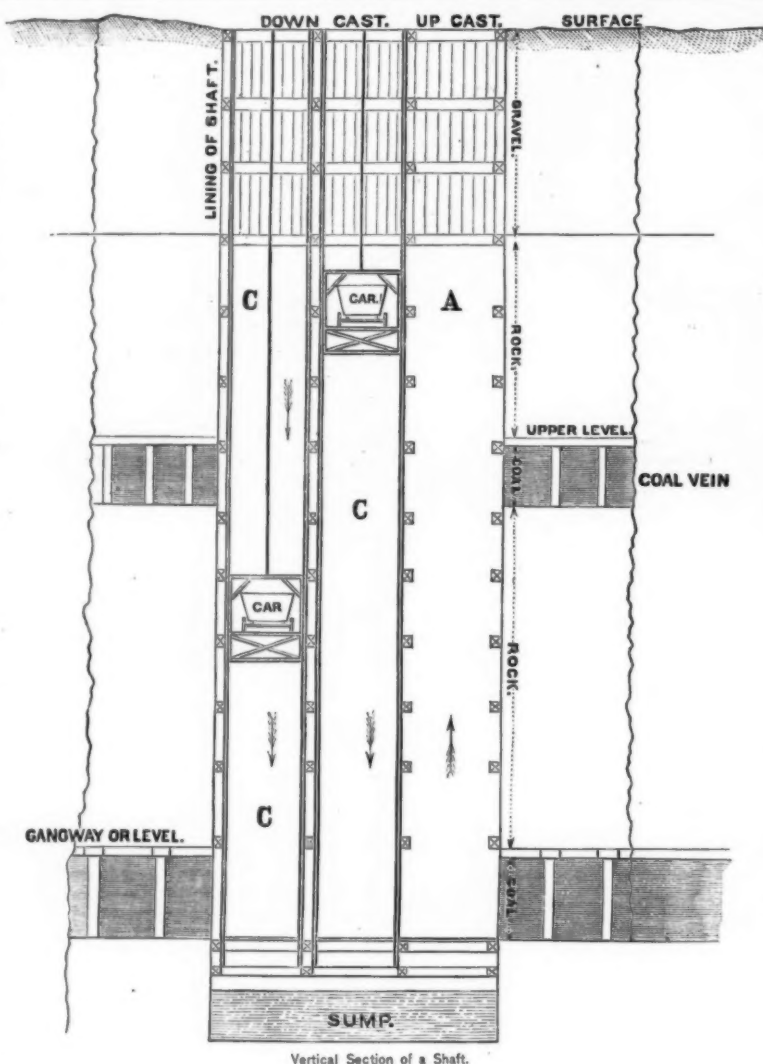
The shaft ends, as we have seen, in a coal-vein. It is then divided, as has been said, into the two carriage-ways, the air-way and the pump-way, or the two latter in one. The carriage-ways (c c) are fitted with frames of twelve-inch timber, and with guides of the same dimensions to keep the cars steady; the cars are fastened to cables, and as one goes down the other ascends.

The air-way, or up-cast, is boarded up, so as to be air-tight, with tongued and grooved floor-boarding, or else the cracks are cemented with fire-clay.

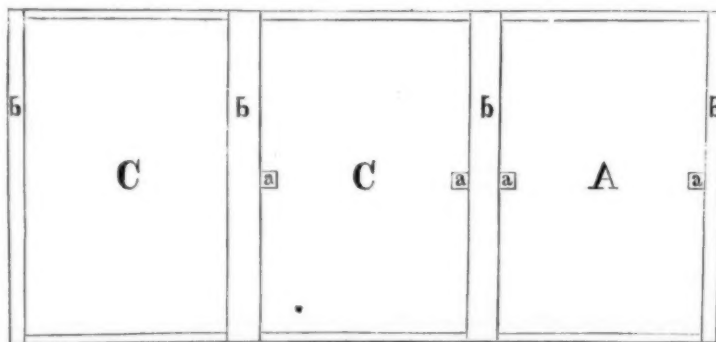
The pump-way contains the great pipe for delivering the mine-water at the surface; the pump is at the bottom, and the water is pumped up by an engine either at top or bottom. The cables attached to the cars are made of thick strands of wire, except where there is much sulphur to corrode them, when chains are used instead.

When we have reached the bottom of the shaft, which has been sunk entirely through the vein, the work of mining begins. Gangways, or levels, are then excavated with the pick, drill, and by blasting, following the direction of the vein; these gangways are from nine to twelve feet wide, and about seven feet high, and are of indefinite length, and change direction according to the coal. In one mine which we visited there was a gangway nearly two miles long. While pushing forward these gangways, and mining the coal in them, openings are made in the sides called chambers, or breasts, out of which the coal is taken to the gangway. These chambers are of irregular figure, and are separated by coal pillars left to support the roof while the miners are at work. When the coal is exhausted, the pillars are cut away, the miners working backward to the gangway from the top of the breast, so that when the roof falls no injury is done. Great care should be taken, when the veins ascend, not to work them too near the surface; this was the cause of the recent Stockton disaster.

The mine has now become an underground village; rooms are excavated for the miners called



Vertical Section of a Shaft.



Horizontal Section of a Shaft.

C, C, Carriage-ways in which the cars ascend and descend, also called Down-casts, as the air descends in them.
A, Air-way, called Up-cast, as the air ascends through it.
b, Cross-partitions, extending to the bottom.
a, Guides to keep cars in position.

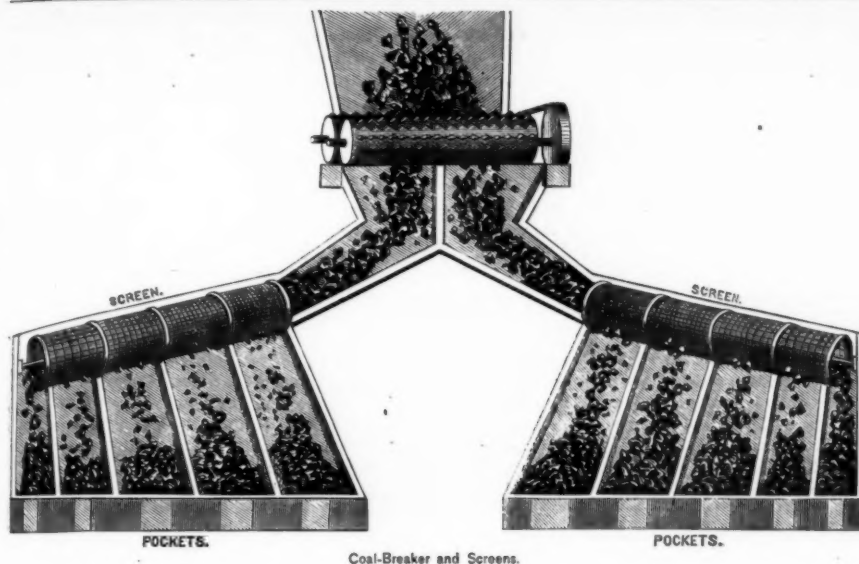
shanties, and stables are formed for the horses and mules. In most cases the gangways require propping with heavy timbers — uprights at the sides, and cross-pieces at top — and, when they do, whatever be the angle of inclination of the gangway, the props are placed at right angles to the floor and roof, so that the weight tends only to crush and not to force them out of position.

Rails are laid along the gangways from the bottom of the shaft, along which a car may be run as soon as lowered. Rails are also laid when necessary, from the gangway into the chambers, so that the car may be run in, take its load of coal, and be returned along the gangway to the bottom of the shaft.

DISTRIBUTION OF LABOR. — The getting out of the coal is the work of a miner and a laborer. The proprietor makes the contract with the miner to get out the coal at a specified price per ton or car-load. The miner then furnishes all the im-

plements, powder, et cetera, and hires the laborer himself.

Sometimes it is necessary to use a pick, but generally the drill is sufficient. The drill is a cylindrical or octagonal rod about an inch in diameter, and from six to eight feet long; at the extremity it is flattened out into a sharp edge of about two inches. Good miners are as particular about their drills as billiard-players in selecting their cues. By repeated, rapid strokes in the breast of the coal, turning the drill as he works, the miner makes a round hole from five to six feet in depth. When this is made, he introduces a pole with a small scraper



Coal-Breaker and Screens.

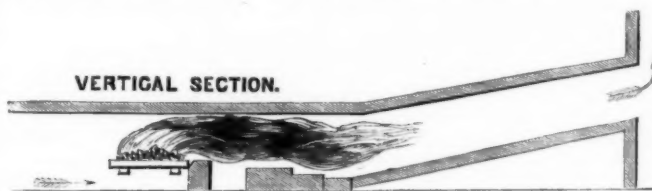
at the end, with which he clears out the fragments and coal-dust, and then the hole is ready for the powder. This he inserts in the form of a *blasting-barrel*, or a brown-paper cartridge filled with blasting-powder, which is rammed into the hole with the but-end of the drill. After this a sharp needle is run into the cartridge, around which the hole is *tamped* with moist coal-dust. The needle is then drawn out, and thus an opening is left to the powder. Taking a hollow rye-straw from his match-box, he fills it with *rifle-powder*, and places it in the opening; then, giving a warning call, he lights the end of the straw, or rather a wick wrapped around it, and runs to a safe corner. This is called *making a shot*; the blast dislodges a quantity of coal, broken into various sizes. The work thus easily accomplished produces great results; the shot usually breaks out from four to eight tons. Then the laborer's work begins; sometimes, but not always, assisted by the miner, he takes the coal away, breaking the larger masses when necessary, and loading it in the car which has been run up as near the breast as possible. When the car is loaded, the miner puts on a ticket with a name and number; a mule, with a boy-driver, is attached to it, and runs it to the bottom of the shaft, where two men called *footmen*, or *bottom-men*, receive it, place it on the carriage-way, and pull a rope which rings a bell in the engine-room at the top: up goes a full car, while an empty one descends to take its place at the bottom.

THE BREAKER.—The coal thus hoisted at the sound of the bell is carried up above the surface to the *head-house* of the breaker; there the car is dumped to one side, and the coal is thrown into a *shute*, in the bottom of which screen-bars are placed. The lumps which are too large to pass between these bars run down the shute into a flat, where they are inspected by men who take out the slate. Then the larger portions are pushed down another shute to the cars, on which they are loaded to be taken to market. The remainder is thrown, through an opening in the flat, with that which has fallen

through the screen-bars to the *breaker*, or *cracker*, which consists of two heavy iron cylinders, serrated or corrugated so as to fit into each other. These, working rapidly inward, catch the coal, break it up, and let it fall into a hopper below. From this hopper the coal is shot into a long, slightly-inclined cylindrical screen of wire-work—in many cases there are two, one on each side—the meshes being of different size in different parts of the length. This screen revolves, but less rapidly than the rollers, and deposits, at different parts of its length, the various sizes of coal into separate *pockets* below. It is thus that *pen*, *chestnut*, *stone*, and *egg* coal are obtained. The broken coal which passes through none of the portions

of the screen goes out at the end. As the different sizes of coal fall into the pockets, boys are placed to remove the slate; and, to judge from what we are sometimes obliged to burn, they are not always very attentive to their duty.

PUMPING.—The collection of water in a mine is a matter of most serious and important consideration. Mines, of course, differ in this respect; but water accumulates, more or less, in all, and must be removed by pumping. The pumps are placed at the bottom or top, and are worked by engines, either at the bottom or top, according to convenience. In order to make a receptacle where a considerable quantity of water may collect without inconvenience, an excavation is usually made, some fifteen or twenty feet deep, just below the working-bottom of the shaft. This is called a *sump* (Fig. 4). But this would soon fill up and overflow, as water collects rapidly in most mines; therefore the pumps are worked as much and as frequently as the accumulation requires. In some mines it is only necessary to pump during the night; in others, the pumps are kept almost continually at work. It would be out of place, in a popular essay, to describe the forms of pump used; the concurrence of inventive genius usually



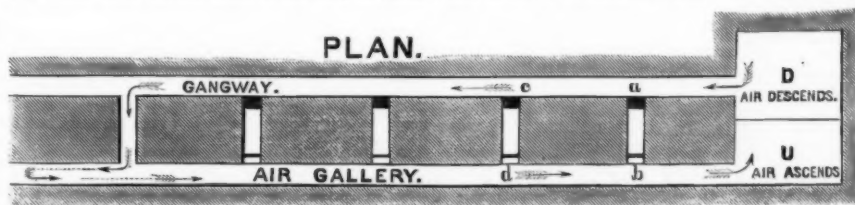
VERTICAL SECTION.

prescribes the most advantageous applications of science in this respect.

VENTILATION AND EGRESS.—The natural hardihood of the miner, and the greed of gain in operators, have caused a great recklessness in regard to the air in mines, the precaution against fires, and the facilities for egress in case of danger, or disaster.

In most of our mines there is but one opening, which contains, as we have seen, both *down-cast* and *up-cast*. If the buildings above take fire, the air is at once cut off, and, if the mine is full of men, every man must die. This is regarded of such vital importance in England, that an act of Parliament requires a second shaft, or other outlet, to

be made within a limited period after the first has been constructed. It is certainly a subject which should engage the



PLAN.

serious attention and call forth the most stringent enactments of our State Legislatures.

The modes of making the current of air in mines are various. In some, as in the Avondale Mine, an open fire on grates is lighted in an air-way, at some distance from the bottom of the shaft. By this means, a temperature, say, of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit is obtained for the up-cast, while the temperature is sixty degrees in the down-cast. This makes a strong current.

In other mines, a fan enclosed in a box is placed at the top of the air-way or up-cast, and by rapid revolutions creates the current. This method commends itself on the score of safety, and is superseding the use of the furnace very generally.

In one mine there was a pump-engine placed at the bottom of the air-way, the exhaust steam of which was sufficient to make the current—an admirable circumstance, which made the engine of accidental but great utility.

The passage of the air in the gangways may be best illustrated by a simple figure. Alongside of the gangway, and parallel to it, the air-gallery is constructed, and the two are run on together. When the work in the gangway and the gallery has proceeded as far as *a* and *b*, an opening (*ab*) is made between the two, through which the air from the gangway may pass to the air-gallery; when the workmen have reached *c* and *d*, the opening *cd* is made, and *ab* is closed by tight doors. Then the air from *D* passes through *cd* out to *U*. In like manner, as the work progresses, every opening but the last is closed, and thus the current passes through the whole extent of the level, or gangway.

The exact causes of the Avondale disaster will never be known. It may have been the heat of the furnace upon the dry timber in the shaft. None escaped to tell us what it was. This only is known: that, early that morning, just after the men had gone down the shaft, a fireman went up to oil the shives over which the hoisting-ropes passed from the shaft to the engine, and came down saying they were so hot he could hardly touch them, and that it was very smoky. He supposed that a fire had just been lighted in the furnace, and that the heat would soon abate; but the blacksmith and carpenter, however, went to the head of the shaft, and saw a light below, upon which the former threw down a bucketful of water: this occasioned a burst like gunpowder, and immediately after came the conflagration, and the wholesale destruction.

GASES.—The noxious gases which endanger the miner's life are principally *fire-damp* and *black-damp*. The former is light carburetted hydrogen, mixed with common air in certain proportions. This is greatly explosive, and open lamps cannot be used. Recourse is then had to the safety-lamp, a modern improvement on Sir Humphrey Davy's invention. The now well-known principle is, that flame will not pass, except under pressure, through a wire gauze containing about seven hundred holes to the square inch. Davy's lamp did not give light enough, and all the improvements have been directed to removing that defect.

In the Lehigh region there is little or no fire-damp, and the miners work with little "coffee-pot" lamps having a hook instead of a handle, which they fasten into their hats or caps, with no worse consequence than a chronic greasing of the forehead, and a widely-diffused odor of lamp-oil.

The *black-damp* or *choke-damp* is almost pure carbon, which, heavier than air, rolls in dense waves along the floor, and is certain death to him who inhales it. This is what killed the men of Avondale.

It is unnecessary to speak of the engines used in a colliery. One or more are provided to hoist the cars in the shaft; one turns the rollers of the breaker and the screen as many as are needed work the pumps, and a small one, perhaps, furnishes the water for the boilers of all, and when a fan is used there is one to work it. The supply of engines is according to the demand.

The buildings above and around the shaft are represented in the first drawing. The head-house is the place to which the full car is hoisted and dumped; the centre portion contains the shutes and breaker; in the wings are the screens and pockets. Around this structure are engine-houses, stores, and other needed constructions.

A few brief words with reference to the financial aspect of coal-mines, must close this sketch; and such is the fluctuating character of the demand and the payments, that these must rather indicate the nature of the system, than pretend to accuracy at any given moment.

The miner—not the owner—is master at the mine, in the present state of affairs; he works or strikes at his will, and dictates terms in doing either. A skilful miner is the best paid of all operatives. The laborer whom he hires is a sort of Pariah, whom he employs at the cheapest rates, and in many cases will cheat if he can. The distribution of labor has been already stated: the division of pay is as follows: Together they can get out from ten to twelve cars in a day (a car contains from one and a quarter to one and a half tons). For these the miner receives from seventy-five cents to one dollar per car, and out of this he pays the laborer from twenty-five to thirty cents per car for his share. This difference in rate is said to be due to the skill of the miner. While a well-trained and skilful miner makes every stroke and every ounce of powder tell, an awkward one will waste his money almost entirely in the powder he uses. As they work only at their own will, it is not uncommon for a miner to do a good, profitable day's work in the morning, and then to come up and spend the afternoon in idleness, and not unfrequently in drunkenness.

I have said that the miners control the mines. One of their number, selected for cunning and courage, is appointed *committee-man*, and the rest obey him implicitly. If the proprietor wishes to discharge a man, a consultation is had with the committee-man: if he says no, the miners withhold their permission, and, if necessary, strike, until he is restored to duty. This is certainly a lawless condition of things, but its philosophy is found in values. The world must have coal, coal must have miners; the work is hard, unnatural, and dangerous; it requires skill and fortitude, and involves great exposure, and thus it comes that the operator is at the mercy of his men, and must compromise in emergencies: a more illegal, or rather extralegal condition of things does not exist in this country than that in the mining regions.

Without claiming great accuracy in figures, we may give a general idea of the expenses attending the production and transportation of coal. Suppose the tonnage from Mauch Chunk to Philadelphia to be two dollars and fifty cents per ton, or from Mauch Chunk to Elizabethport, including shipment to New York, three dollars and ten cents. Add to these severally the miner's percentage and the expense of breaking, etc., and we have the data of calculating the operator's margin, when the market prices are quoted. Much is said about the establishment of a *basis*, and it is for this that miners usually strike. A few words will explain the principle. When coal is selling in New York for five dollars per ton, suppose the miner gets seventy-five cents: they demand, for all advance over five dollars, say twelve and a half per cent. on a ton; but if it goes below five dollars, they are not willing to lose proportionally. If coal becomes a drug in the market, they must still have their seventy-five cents. Of course these figures are only hypothetical, and change from day to day.

Other elements enter into this difficult and delicate discussion: when we consider the very extended interests of coal—in domestic and social life, in manufactures, and in navigation—it seems a subject for very careful legislative deliberation, and in many of its bearings for prompt and rigorous enactments.

THE LADY OF THE ICE.*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD,"
"CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—"MACRORIE, MY BOY, HAVE YOU BEEN TO ANDERSON'S YET?"—"NO."—"WELL, THEN, I WANT YOU TO ATTEND TO THAT BUSINESS OF THE STONE TO-MORROW. DON'T FORGET THE SIZE—FOUR FEET BY EIGHTEEN INCHES; AND NOTHING BUT THE NAME AND DATE. THE TIME'S COME AT LAST. THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME BUT THE COLD GRAVE, WHERE THE PENSIVE PASSER-BY MAY DROP A TEAR OVER THE MOURNFUL FATE OF JACK RANDOLPH. AMEN. R. I. P."

SUCH was the remarkable manner in which Jack Randolph accosted me, as he entered my room on the following day at about midnight. His face was more rueful than ever, and, what was more striking, his clothes and hair seemed neglected. This convinced me more than any thing that he had received some new blow, and that it had struck home.

* Enlarged, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

"You seem hard hit, old man," said I. "Where is it? Who is it?"

Jack groaned.

"Has Miss Phillips come?"

"No."

"Is it the widow?"

"No."

"Number Three?"

Jack shook his head.

"Not duns?"

"No."

"Then I give up."

"It's Louie," said Jack, with an expression of face that was as near an approximation to what is called sheepishness as any thing I ever saw.

"Louie?" I repeated.

"Yes—"

"What of her? What has she been doing? How is it possible? Good Heavens! you haven't—" I stopped at the fearful suspicion that came to me.

"Yes, I have!" said Jack, sulkily. "I know what you mean. I've proposed to her."

I started up from the sofa on which I was lounging—my pipe dropped to the ground—a tumbler followed. I struck my clinched fist on the table.

"Randolph!" said I, "this is too much. Confound it, man! are you mad, or are you a villain? What the devil do you mean by trifling with the affections of that little girl? By Heavens! Jack Randolph, if you carry on this game with her, there's not a man in the regiment that won't join to crush you."

"Pitch in," said Jack quietly, looking at me at the same time with something like approval. "That's the right sort of thing. That's just what I've been saying to myself. I've been swearing like a trooper at myself all the way here. If there's any one on earth that every fellow ought to stand up for, it's little Louie. And now you see the reason why I want you to attend to that little affair of the gravestone."

At Jack's quiet tone, my excitement subsided. I picked up my pipe again, and thought it over.

"The fact is, Jack," said I, after about ten minutes of profound smoking, "I think you'll have to carry out that little plan of yours. Sell out as soon as you can, and take Louie with you to a farm in Minnesota."

"Easier said than done," said Jack, sententiously.

"Done? why, man, it's easy enough. You can drop the other three, and retire from the scene. That'll save Louie from coming to grief."

"Yes; but it won't make her come to Minnesota."

"Why not? She's just the girl to go anywhere with a fellow."

"But not with Jack Randolph."

"What humbug are you up to now? I don't understand you."

"So I see," said Jack, dryly. "You take it for granted that because I proposed, Louie accepted. Whereas, that didn't happen to be the case. I proposed, but Louie disposed of me pretty effectually."

"Mittened?" cried I.

"Mittened!" said Jack, solemnly. "Hence the gravestone."

"But how, in the name of wonder, did that happen?"

"Easily enough. Louie happens to have brains. That's the shortest way to account for her refusal of my very valuable devotions. But I'll tell you all about it, and, after that, we'll decide about the head-stone."

"You see, I went up there this evening, and the other girls were off somewhere, and so Louie and I were alone. The aunt was in the room, but she soon dozed off. Well, we had great larks, no end of fun—she chaffing and twitting me about no end of things, and especially the widow; so, do you know, I told her I had a great mind to tell her how it happened; and excited her curiosity by saying it all originated in a mistake. This, of course, made her wild to know all about it, and so I at last told her the whole thing—the mistake, you know, about the hand, and all that—and my horror. Well, hang me, if I didn't think she'd go into fits. I never saw her laugh so much before. As soon as she could speak, she began to remind me of the approaching advent of Miss Phillips, and asked me what I was going

to do. She didn't appear to be at all struck by the fact that lay at the bottom of my disclosures; that it was her own hand that had caused the mischief, but went on at a wild rate about my approaching 'sentimental see-saw,' as she called it, when my whole time would have to be divided between my two fiancées. She remarked that the old proverb called man a pendulum between a smile and a tear, but that I was the first true case of a human pendulum which she had ever seen.

"Now the little scamp was so perfectly fascinating while she was teasing me, that I felt myself overcome with a desperate fondness for her; so, seeing that the old aunt was sound asleep, I blurted out all my feelings. I swore that she was the only—"

"Oh, omit all that. I know—but what bosh to say to a sensible girl!"

"Well, you know, Louie held her handkerchief to her face, while I was speaking, and I—ass, dolt, and idiot that I was—felt convinced that she was crying. Her frame shook with convulsive shivers, that I took for repressed sobs. I saw the little hand that held the little white handkerchief to her face—the same slender little hand that was the cause of my scrape with Mrs. Finnimore—and, still continuing the confession of my love, I thought I would soothe her grief. I couldn't help it. I was fairly carried away. I reached forward my hand, and tried to take hers, all the time saying no end of spooney things.

"But the moment I touched her hand, she rolled her chair back, and snatched it away—"

"And then she threw back her head—"

"And then there came such a peal of musical laughter, that I swear it's ringing in my ears yet."

"What made it worse was, not merely what she considered the fun of my proposal, but the additional thought that suddenly flashed upon her, that I had just now so absurdly mistaken her emotion. For, confound it all! as I reached out my hand, I said a lot of rubbish, and, among other things, implored her to let me wipe her tears. This was altogether too much. Wipe her tears! And Heavens and earth, she was shaking to pieces all the time with nothing but laughter. Wipe her tears! Oh, Macrorie! Did you ever hear of such an ass?"

"Well, you know she couldn't get over it for ever so long, but laughed no end, while I sat utterly amazed at the extent to which I had made an ass of myself. However, she got over it at last."

"Well," said I, "I hope you feel better."

"Thanks, yes; but don't get into a temper. Will you promise to answer me one question?"

"Certainly; most happy. If you think it worth while to do any thing else but laugh at me, I ought to feel flattered."

"Now, that's what I call temper, and you must be above such a thing. After all, I'm only a simple little girl, and you—that is, it was so awfully absurd."

"And here she seemed about to burst forth afresh. But she didn't."

"What I was going to ask," she began, in a very grave way, "what I was going to ask is this, If it is a fair question, how many of these little entanglements do you happen to have just now?"

"Oh, Louie!" I began, in mournful and reproachful tones.

"Oh don't, don't," she cried, covering her face, "don't begin; I can't stand it. If you only knew how absurd you look when you are sentimental. You are always so funny, you know; and, when you try to be solemn, it looks so awfully ridiculous! Now, don't—I really cannot stand it. Please—ple-e-e-e-e-case don't, like a good Captain Randolph."

"At this she clasped her hands and looked at me with such a grotesque expression of mock entreaty, that I knocked under, and burst out laughing."

"She at once settled herself comfortably in her easy-chair."

"Now that's what I call," said she, placidly, "a nice, good, sensible, old-fashioned Captain Randolph, that everybody loves, and in whose affairs all his innumerable friends take a deep interest. And now let me ask my question again: How many?"

"How many what?" said I.

"Oh, you know very well."

"How can I know, when you won't say what you mean?"

"How many entanglements?"

"Entanglements?"

"Yes. Engagements, if you wish me to be so very explicit."

"What nonsense! Why you know all about it, and the cause—"

"Ah, now, that is not frank; it isn't friendly or honest," said the little witch. "Come, now. Are there as many as—as—fifty?"

"Nonsense!"

"Twenty, then?"

"How absurd!"

"Ten?"

"Of course not."

"Five?"

"No."

"Four?"

"Why, haven't I told you all?"

"Four," she persisted.

"No."

"Three, then—"

"It isn't fair," said I, "to press a fellow this way."

"Three?" she repeated.

"I was silent. I'm not very quick, and was trying, in a dazed way, to turn it off."

"Three!" she cried. "Three! I knew it. Oh, tell me all about it. Oh, do tell me! Oh, do—please tell me all. Oh, do, please—please tell me."

"And then she began, and she teased and she coaxed, and coaxed and teased, until at last—"

Jack hesitated.

"Well," said I.

"Well," said he.

"You didn't really tell her," said I.

"Yes, but I did," said he.

"You didn't—you couldn't."

"I'll be hanged if I didn't!"

"Not about Number Three?"

"Y'es, Number Three," said Jack, looking at me with a fixed and slightly stony stare.

Words were useless, and I sought expression for my feelings in the more emphatic whistle, which now was largely protracted.

"And how did she take it?" I asked, at length, as soon as I found voice to speak.

"As usual. Teased me, no end. Alluded to my recent proposal. Asked me if I had intended her to be Number Four, and declared her belief that I had thirty rather than three. Finally, the aunt waked up, and wanted to know what we were laughing at. Whereupon Louie said that she was laughing at a ridiculous story of mine, about an Indian juggler who could keep three oranges in the air at the same time."

"Captain Randolph," said she "you know all about Frederick the Great, of course?"

"Of course," I said, "and Alexander the Great also, and Julius Caesar, and Nebuchadnezzar, as the poet says."

"Perhaps you remember," said Louie, in a grave tone, for her aunt was wide awake now, "that the peculiar excellence of the genius of that great monarch consisted in his successful efforts to encounter the coalition raised against him. Though subject to the attacks of the three united powers of France, Austria, and Russia, he was still able to repel them, and finally rescued himself from destruction. Three assailants could not overpower him, and surely others may take courage from his example."

"And after that little speech I came away, and here I am."

For some time we sat in silence. Jack did not seem to expect any remarks from me, but appeared to be rapt in his own thoughts. For my part, I had nothing whatever to say, and soon became equally rapt in my meditations.

And what were they about?

What? Why, the usual subject which had filled my mind for the past few days—my adventure on the river, and my mysterious companion. Mysterious though she was, she was evidently a lady, and, though I could not be sure about her face, I yet could feel sure that she was beautiful. So very romantic an adventure had an unusual charm, and this charm was heightened to a wonderful degree by the mystery of her sudden and utter disappearance.

And now, since Jack had been so very confidential with me, I determined to return that confidence, and impart my secret to him. Perhaps he could help me. At any rate, he was the only person to whom I could think of telling it.

So you see—

CHAPTER XII.—MY ADVENTURE REHEARSED TO JACK RANDOLPH.—"MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU DON'T SAY SO!"—"PON MY LIFE, YES."—"BY JOVE! OLD CHAP, HOW CLOSE YOU'VE BEEN! YOU MUST HAVE NO END OF SECRETS. AND WHAT'S BECOME OF THE LADY? WHO IS SHE?"

Who is she? Ay. Who, indeed? Hadn't I been torturing my brain for seventy-nine hours, sleeping as well as waking, with that one unanswered and apparently unanswerable question?

"Who is she?" repeated Jack.

"Well," said I, "that's the very thing that I wish to find out, and I want you to help me in it. I told you that she didn't leave any message—"

"But, didn't you find out her name?"

"No."

"By Jove! You're a queer lot. Why, I'd have found out her name the first thing."

"But I didn't—and now I want your help to find out not only her name, but herself."

At this Jack rose, loaded his pipe solemnly, and, with the air of one who is making preparations for a work of no common kind, lighted it, flung himself back in the easy-chair, and sent forth vast volumes of smoke, which might have been considered as admirably symbolical of the state of our minds.

"Well, Macrorie," said he, at last, "I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd go round to all the hotels, and examine the lists."

"Pooh!"

"Well, then, take the directory and hunt up all the names."

"Nonsense!"

"Why 'nonsense'?"

"Because I don't know her name. Didn't I impress that upon your mind?"

"By Jove!" cried Jack Randolph, after which he again relapsed into silence.

"See here, Macrorie," said he, at length. "I have it."

"What?"

"Go round next Sunday to all the churches."

"What's the use of that?"

"Go round to the churches," repeated Jack, "scan every bonnet—and then, if you don't see her, why then, why—go to the photographic saloons. You'll be sure to find her picture there. By Jove! Why, Macrorie, the game's all in your own hands. These photographic saloons are better than a whole force of detective police. There's your chance; old man. You'll find her. Do that, and you're all right. Oh, yes—you'll find her, as sure as my name's Jack Randolph."

"No go, Jack," said I. "You see I couldn't recognize her even if I were to see her."

"Couldn't what?"

"Couldn't recognize her."

"You surely would know her if you saw her."

"I don't think I should."

"Well, of all the confounded fixes that ever I met with, this is the greatest!"

"That's the peculiarity of my present situation."

Jack relapsed into smoky silence.

"The fact is," said Jack, after a brief pause, "we've got to go to work systematically. Now, first of all, I want to know what she looks like."

"Well, that's the very thing I don't know."

"Nonsense! You must know something about it. Is she a blonde or a brunette? You can answer that, at least."

"I'm not sure that I can."

"What! don't you know even the color of her complexion?"

"When I saw her, she was as white as a sheet. Even her lips were bloodless. You see, she was frightened out of her wits."

"Well, then, her hair—her hair, man! Was that dark or light?"

"I didn't see it."

"Didn't see it?"

"No. You see it was covered by her hood. Think of that driving sleet. She had to cover herself up as much as she could from the terrible pelting of the storm."

"Well, then, I'll ask only one question more," said Jack, dryly. "I hope you'll be able to answer it. A great deal depends upon it. In fact, upon a true answer to this question the whole thing rests. Gather up all your faculties now, old chap, and try to answer me cor-



ADVERTISING !!—Chapter XIII.

rectly. No shirking now—no humbug, for I won't stand it. On your life, Macrorie, and, by all your future hopes, answer me this—was your friend—a woman or a man?"

At the beginning of this solemn question, I had roused myself and sat upright, but at its close I flung myself down in disgust.

"Well," said Jack, "why don't you answer?"

"Jack," said I, severely, "I'm not in the humor for chaff."

"Chaff! my dear fellow, I only want to get a basis of action—a base of operations. Are you sure your friend was a woman? I'm in earnest—really."

"That's all rubbish—of course she was a woman—a lady—young—beautiful—but the anguish which she felt made her face seem like that of Niobe, or—or—well like some marble statue representing woe or despair, and all that sort of thing. What's the use of humbugging a fellow? Why not talk sense, or at least hold your tongue?"

"Don't row, old boy. You were so utterly in the dark about your friend that I wanted to see how far your knowledge extended. I consider now that a great point is settled, and we have something to start from. Very well. She was really a woman!"

"A lady," said I.

"And a lady," repeated Jack.

"Young?"

"Young."

"And beautiful as an angel," I interposed, enthusiastically.

"And beautiful as an angel," chimed in Jack. "By-the-by, Macrorie, do you think you would know her by her voice?"

"Well, n—no, I don't think I would. You see, she didn't say much, and what she did say was wrung out of her by terror or despair. The tones of that voice might be very different if she were talking about—well, the weather, for instance. The voice of a woman in a storm, and in the face of death, is not exactly the same in tone or modulation as it is when she is quietly speaking the commonplaces of the drawing-room."

"There's an immense amount of truth in that," said Jack, "and I begin to understand and appreciate your position."

"Never, while I live," said I, earnestly, "will I forget the face of that woman as I held her fainting form in my arms, and cheered her, and dragged her back to life; never will I forget the thrilling tones of her voice, as she implored me to leave her and save myself; but yet, as I live, I don't think that I could recognize her face or her

voice if I were to encounter her now, under ordinary circumstances, in any drawing-room. Do you understand?"

"Dimly," said Jack; "yes, in fact, I may say thoroughly. You have an uncommonly forcible way of putting it too. I say, Macrorie, you talk just like our chaplain."

"Oh, bother the chaplain!"

"That's the very thing I intend to do before long."

"Well, it'll be the best thing for you. Married and done for, you know."

"Nonsense! I don't mean that. It's something else—the opposite of matrimony."

"What is it?"

"Oh, never mind, I'll let you know when the time comes. It's a little idea of my own to countermine the widow. But come—don't let's wander off. Your business is the thing to be considered now—not mine. Now listen to me."

"Well."

"Let's put your case in a plain, simple, matter-of-fact way. You want to find a person whose name you don't know, whose face you can't recognize, and whose voice even is equally unknown. You can't give any clew to her at all. You don't know whether she lives in Quebec or in New York. You only know she is a woman?"

"A lady," said I.

"Oh, of course—a lady."

"And an English lady," I added. "I could tell that by the tone of her voice."

"She may have been Canadian."

"Yes. Many of the Canadian ladies have the English tone."

"Well, that may be all very true," said Jack, after some moments' thought; "but at the same time it isn't any guide at all. Macrorie, my boy, it's evident that in this instance all the ordinary modes of investigation are no good. Streets, churches, drawing-rooms, photographic saloons, hotel registers, directories, and all that sort of thing are utterly useless. We must try some other plan."

"That's a fact," said I, "but what other plan can be thought of?"

Jack said nothing for some time.

He sat blowing and puffing, and puffing and blowing, apparently bringing all the resources of his intellect to bear upon this great problem. At last he seemed to hit upon an idea.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "I have it. It's the only thing left."

"What's that?"

"Macrorie, my boy," said Jack, with an indescribable solemnity, "I'll tell you what we must do. Let's try—"

CHAPTER XIII.—"ADVERTISING!!!"

"ADVERTISING?" said I, dubiously.

"Yes, advertising," repeated Jack. "Try it. Put a notice in all the papers. Begin with the Quebec papers, and then send to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, London, and all the other towns. After that, send notices to the leading papers of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Chicago, Boston, and all the other towns of the United States."

"And while I'm about it," I added, "I may as well insert them in the English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, and Indian journals."

"Oh, bosh!" said Jack, "I'm in earnest. What's the use of nonsense? Really, my dear fellow, why not advertise in the Quebec papers? She'll be sure to see it."

"Well," said I, after some thought, "on the whole it isn't a bad idea. It can't do any harm at any rate."

"Harm? Why, my dear boy, it's your only chance."

"All right, then; let's try advertising."

And saying this, I brought out my entire writing-apparatus and displayed it on the table.

"Will you try your fist at it, Jack?" I asked.

"I? nonsense! I'm no good at writing. It's as much as I can do to write an 'I. O. U.,' though I've had no end of practice. And then, as to my letters—you ought to see them! No, go ahead, old boy. You write, and I'll be critic. That's about the style of thing, I fancy."

At this I sat down and commenced the laborious task of composing an advertisement. In a short time I had written out the following:

"A gentleman who accompanied a lady across the ice on the 3d of April, was separated from her, and since then has been anxious to find out what became of her. Any information will console a distracted breast. The gentleman implores the lady to communicate with him. Address Box 3,333."

I wrote this out, and was so very well satisfied with it, that I read it to Jack. To my surprise and disgust, he burst out into roars of laughter.

"Why, man alive!" he cried, "that will never do. You must never put out that sort of thing, you know. You'll have the whole city in a state of frantic excitement. It's too rubbishy sentimental. No go. Try again, old man, but don't write any more of that sort of thing."

I said nothing. I felt wounded; but I had a dim idea that Jack's criticism was just. It was rather sentimental. So I tried again, and this time I wrote out something very different.

With the following result:

"If the party who crossed the ice on the 3d of April with A. Z. will give her address, she will confer an unspeakable favor. Write to Box No. 3,333."

"Oh, that'll never do at all!" cried Jack, as I read it to him. "In the first place, your 'A. Z.' is too mysterious; and, in the second place, you are still too sentimental with your 'unspeakable favor.' Try again."

I tried again, and wrote the following:

"A gentleman is anxious to learn the address of a party who accompanied him over the ice on the 3d of April. Address Box No. 3,333."

"Oh, that'll never do!" said Jack.

"Why not?"

"Why, man, it's too cold and formal."

"Hang it all! What will suit you? One is too warm; another is too cold."

Saying this, I tried once more, and wrote the following:

"A. B. has been trying in vain to find the address of the party who accompanied him over the ice on the 3d of April. Will she have the kindness to communicate with him to Box No. 3,333?"

"No go," said Jack.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, you call her a 'party,' and then announce that this 'party' is a woman. It won't do. I wouldn't like to call any lady a 'party.' You'll have to drop that word, old boy."

At this I flung down the pen in despair.

"Well, hang it!" said I. What will do? You try it, Jack."

"Nonsense!" said he. "I can't write; I can only criticise. Both faculties are very good in their way. You'll have to start from another direction. I'll tell you what to do—try a roundabout way."

"A roundabout way?" I repeated, doubtfully.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

"Why, advertise for—let me see—oh, yes—advertise for the French driver. He was drowned—wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you advertise for him, she will respond, and thus you will come into contact with her without making a fool of yourself."

"By Jove, Jack," said I, "that's not a bad idea! I think I get your meaning. Of course, if she has any soul, she'll sympathize with the lost driver. But what name shall I put?"

"Was he a common driver? I gathered this from your story."

"Oh, yes. It was a sleigh from the country—hired, you know, not a private sleigh."

"She couldn't have known his name, then?"

"I suppose not. It looked like a sleigh picked up hap-hazard to take her across."

"Well, risk it, and put in an assumed name. Make up something. Any name will do. The lady, I dare say, hasn't the smallest idea of the driver's name. Trot out something—Napoleon Bonaparte Gris, or any thing else you like."

"How would Lavoisier do?"

"Too long."

"Well, Noir, then."

"I don't altogether like that."

"Rollin."

"Literary associations," objected Jack.

"Well, then, Le Verrier," said I, after a moment's thought.

"Le Verrier—" repeated Jack. "Well, leave out the article, and make it plain Verrier. That'll do. It sounds natural."

"Verrier," said I. "And for the Christian name what?"

"Paul," suggested Jack.

"Paul—very well. Paul Verrier—a very good name for a Canadian. All right. I'll insert an advertisement from his distracted parent."

And I wrote out this:

"NOTICE.—Paul Verrier, of Chaudière, left his home on the 3d of April last, to convey a lady to Quebec across the ice. He has not since been heard of. As the river broke up on that day, his friends are anxious to know his fate. Any one who can give any information about those who crossed on that date will confer a great favor on his afflicted father. Address Pierre Verrier, Box 3,333."

"That's about the thing," said Jack, after I had read it to him. "That'll fetch her down. Of course, she don't know the name of the *habitant* that drove her; and, of course, she'll think that this is a notice published by the afflicted father. What then? Why, down she comes to the rescue. Afflicted father suddenly reveals himself in the person of the gallant Macrorie. Grand excitement—mutual explanations—tableau—and the curtain falls to the sound of light and joyous music."

"Bravo, Jack! But I don't like to settle my affairs this way, and leave yours in disorder."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Jack. "There's no immediate danger. I'm settling down into a state of stolid despair, you know. If it wasn't for that last business with Louie, I could be quite calm. That's the only thing that bothers me now."

"I should think the widow would bother you more."

"Well, to tell the truth, she's getting to be a bit of a bore. She's too affectionate and *exigeante*, and all that, you know. But, then, I always leave early. I dine with her at seven, and get away before nine. Then I go to Louie's—or, at least, that's the way I intend to do."

"You're going to Louie's again, then?"

"Going to Louie's again? Why, man alive, what do you take me for? Going again? I should think I was. Why, Louie's the only comfort I have left on earth."

"But Number Three?"

Jack sighed.

"Our little thing!" said he. "She seems to be rather down just now. I think she's regretting that she didn't take my offer. But I wrote her a note to-day, telling her to cheer up, and all that."

"But Miss Phillips? What'll you do when she comes? When will she be here?"

"She's expected daily."

"That will rather complicate matters—won't it?"

"Sufficient for the day," said Jack.

"I tell you what it is, my boy. I feel very much struck by Louie's idea about the three oranges. You'll find it precious hard to keep your three affairs in motion. You must drop one or two."

"Come, now, Macrorie—no croaking. You've got me into a placid state of mind by telling me of your little affair. It gave me something to think of besides my own scrapes. So don't you go to work and destroy the good effect that you've produced. For that matter, I won't let you. I'm off, old chap. It's fifteen minutes to three. You'd better seek your balmy couch. No—don't stop me. You'll croak me into despair again. Good-night, old man!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—FRANK'S PERPLEXITIES.

It will be perceived, from all that has been said, that Nelly Rich was more free in the expression of her sentiments than is generally expected from girls of her age. A well-brought-up young woman is not supposed to go off affronted when her admirer, real or supposed, shows a sudden interest in music, or any thing else, independent of herself. The modern code of manners exacts that she should, if not grin, at least smile, and bear it with as much courage, and as little of the air either of offence or resignation, as possible. Nelly betrayed her less exalted origin in this, that she allowed her sentiments to escape her more freely. There can be no doubt that she had given Frank intimations of her readiness to look favorably upon him which a more reticent girl would have blushed to give, and on which was built much that would else have seemed coxcombical in his behavior. When a young woman asks if there is no possible chance that would induce a young man to change his mind about going to India or elsewhere, she is either beguiling and deluding that young man, or she is exhibiting, as far as she can, "intentions" which are wholly supposed to show themselves on the other side. And, then, her abrupt exit was a startling thing. When he was left alone in the music-room with the open piano, and Nelly's book lying on the table, Frank did not feel comfortable. He was left, as it were, master of the field. But it cannot be said that it is a pleasant thing to rout your friends so completely in their own house, and find yourself in solitary possession of their usual haunts. The evening passed, however, less unpleasantly than this scene would have led a looker-on to suppose. Alice, learning wisdom from experience, excused herself on the plea of being tired from making any more music, and Frank made his peace with Nelly, saying no more about his brother, and talking of the Beauchamps, and Mary Westbury, and his own home. The Renton woods were an unfailing subject, and his own boyish adventures, into the history of which he was drawn by Mr. Rich, whose inquiries were manifold. A man, especially if he is still a boy, has always a certain pleasure in uttering such reminiscences to sympathetic ears. The ladies laughed at his Eton scrapes, and were edified by his adventures on the river, and listened with ready interest and smiles and wonderings to all his schoolboy tales. He felt himself of importance as he turned from one to another, and it pleased him to see Nelly seriously inclined to listen. She was interested—it was no make-believe—interested in Frank, in the first place, and, after that, like a true woman, interested in any detail about him. She liked to know how he had distinguished, and how he had committed, himself. It seemed to give her something to do with him; and Frank, too, felt the charm

of confidence. She had put aside her waywardness, and listened with bright eyes of interest, with an eager ear, with smiles and exclamations. She made him describe Renton to her over and over again, and those points of view which people went to see.

"I could row you over," he said, "any day. From Cookesley to Renton is an easy pull. Let us make up a party and do it. The river is lovely, and if you have not seen it before—"

"I have never been higher up than Cookesley," said Nelly; and thus it was arranged, though Mrs. Rich shook her head.

"We shall see when the time comes," that wise mother said; and Frank perceived that it was only in case his mother should make up her mind to be civil that this little expedition would be permitted.

He made himself very agreeable to Nelly that evening, undismayed by the events of the afternoon. Alice was out of the way. She was at the other end of the room, looking over engravings, and resisting Alf's entreaties that she should play something. "Nelly would not like it," she said to herself; "she is talking, and she likes that better." And Alice felt somewhat silent and wistful, and wished herself back in Fitzroy Square. That evening it appeared to her that she was not enjoying her visit as she had expected to do. She missed her mother, and she missed the children, and Miss Hadley, and her usual duties, and perhaps something else too—though she did not know what was in her own thoughts. Sometimes she cast a wistful glance across the room at Nelly smiling and softened, with that look of absorbed attention in her brilliant eyes. Alice had been shocked by her friend's freedom of speech, and yet perhaps it had made some impression upon her. Unconsciously she herself began to speculate about Nelly. Could there be—as girls say—any thing between her and Frank Renton? Was that why she was cross, and not the music? Alice felt somehow pushed aside—put out of the way—and it was not a cheerful feeling; but fortunately the only form it took was a longing for home. She had home to fall back upon, whatever might befall her here. If any vague discontent came down upon her heart, happiness and peace, as of old, dwelt and waited for her in the Square. This was her feeling as she sat in the distant corner looking over the photographs. Alf had settled down sulkily, when she refused to play to him, on a sofa near, and Mr. Rich slept the sleep of the just, the Sunday-evening crown of the week's exertion, in an easy-chair midway between her and the table, with a lamp burning brilliantly upon it, round which were grouped Mrs. Rich and Nelly and the young visitor. When Alice saw them laughing and talking, she felt that she would have liked to be there too, and have a part in the fun. But they did not call her, and she was too shy to go, and found the evening a little long. Sunday was not a dreary day to her generally, and she would have felt it a sin to acknowledge that it was dreary now; but yet the poor child yawned a little over the picture-books, and longed for her work, and to be at home.

When Frank Renton left Richmond the next morning it was with a mind by no means settled or at rest. He had the warmest invitations to return from the parent pair, and Nelly was not slow to intimate that she looked for him soon. "Come over here when Lord Edgbaston's refined society palls upon you," Nelly said. "Indeed, Edgbaston is a very good fellow," Frank answered, apologetically. "I know he is a lord," was Nelly's reply. She did not care for a lord, nor had she given so much of her society or conversation to any one of the followers, though many of them were much more eligible in every way than Frank. This compliment went to the bottom of his heart. No doubt she was full of intelligence and discrimination, and could see the difference between one man and another; and she was, when she liked, the brightest little sympathetic creature, and awfully clever—clever enough to make up a man's deficiencies in that way, but yet—These were the young man's thoughts as he walked down to Cookesley to get his boat. He was going to the Manor, after all, to see his mother; and on the way he turned every thing over again in his mind. Nelly was very nice, when she pleased; and though her connections were nothing to brag of, still that was not a thing which people took into severe consideration when a man married money, especially when the money was young and pretty. But yet—Frank could not but ask himself how it was that the girl who took a fellow's fancy—the one he would really have gone after had he been able to choose for himself—should never be the one who had the fifty thousand pounds. It was a curious spite of Fortune. When he directed his mind to the serious consideration of this grand question—the first great social problem he had ever tackled on his own account—a sin-

gular dissipating influence always arrested him. Stray notes of music would float across his mind—a bit of melody which compelled him to learn it—a perplexing bar which would separate from every thing else and echo in his ear. And when he turned his mind to the investigation of Nelly Rich, another little agile figure stepped in before her—the one shadow jostling the other out of the way with a curious reality. It was not he who did it, nor had his will any share in the matter. They did it themselves, independent of any influence of his. So that the more he thought it over, the more perplexed he became; and yet it was not a matter which could be suffered to run on and be decided any time—it must be settled, and that at once.

With his head full of these thoughts, he walked down across the cheerful, blooming country to Cookesley. The day was quite bright enough for the expedition he had proposed to Nelly; and, when the recollection of this proposed expedition came back to his mind, Frank fell into pondering whether his mother would call. Why should not she call? It was quite true that she was an invalid; and also true that she was in the deepest of mourning; but still—the carriage, with Mary in it, and a card, would do. Mere civility, he said to himself. And if it should be for Laurie's interest—or even—for his own. Instead of going to India! Frank knew that his mother would have visited anybody in the country on that inducement. And it might come to that. He stepped into the boat with so serious a countenance, that the men at the wharf took note of it. "Them Rentons, they ain't up to no good," one said to another. "The eldest gentleman, as was here the other day, was awful changed, and this one, as is the swellest of all, looks as black as if he was a-carrying of the world on his shoulders." This chance observation Frank overheard as he glided his boat through the maze of skiffs into clear water. It made him smile when he was fairly afloat and out of reach of observation. He had more than the world on his shoulders. What would the mere world have been, or any superficial weight, compared to the task of deciding what his whole life was to be? According as he made up his mind now, would be the direction and color of his existence. No wonder he looked black. But how was it that the eldest gentleman had so changed? And Laurie was gone, without giving any reason. It was hard to think that it was their father's fault—the father who had been so good to them. Seven months before they had all looked up to him with the undoubting, affectionate confidence of sons who had never known any thing but kindness; and now they were all scattered to the different corners of the world, separated from each other, broken up and set adrift. Frank was more a man of the world than either of his brothers, though he was so young. He could not but ask himself, Was not old Rich right? Mr. Renton's mind must have been touched. He could not have been guilty of such an injury to them all had he been in full possession of his reason. Thus, if he did not look black, he looked at least very grave, as he pulled up the river, unlike the light-hearted young guardsman who had so often made the banks ring with his laughter and boyish nonsense. He was approaching his twenty-first birthday, and he was having the grand problem submitted to his decision. It was not pleasure and virtue, certainly, which stood before him offering him the irrevocable choice. There was no particular sin in adopting either way, and no unspeakable delight—nothing infinitely seductive—to move his senses, or loftily excellent to restrain them. If he were to marry Nelly and stay at home, he would be to all intents and purposes as good and as honest as if he went to India. And if he went to India he would be sufficiently well off, and quite as happy, perhaps happier than if he stayed at home. The question was a fine modern one between two mutual shades of well-doing, and not a primitive alternative between black and white, salvation and ruin. You will say that to marry a girl he did not love, would have been a sin; but Frank did not see it in that light. If he did marry her, no doubt they would get on very well together. Nelly was not—as we have already said—a temptation to be resisted, but—most probably—a sober duty which he ought not to neglect. He was not passionate, like Ben, nor was he meditative, like his brother Laurie. He was the practical man of the family. If it had been decided to be right, no doubt he would have done it like a man, and been quite comfortable ever after. The difficulty was, that there was too much neutral tint about the whole question. It was possible that he might do quite as well for himself in India as by marrying money. The chances were too equal, the gain too uncertain, to make the decision easy, and it was a very hard matter to make up his mind.

Mrs. Renton received him as usual in her din room, with the blinds down, a bottle of medicine on the table, and her arrowroot in the background. It was a different atmosphere certainly from that of Richmond. His mother wept a few tears as Frank kissed her! She was apt to do so nowadays when one of her sons appeared. And Ben's farewell visit had been but a few days before, and had shaken her more than any thing that had happened since her husband's death. She could do nothing but talk of him. "He was looking quite well, Frank, quite well," she said, over and over again, "though I am sure living shut up in London all winter would have killed any one else. And he is to sail on Friday," Mrs. Renton added, with a sigh.

As for Mary Westbury, she, too, bore traces of having been moved by Ben's visit. "Oh, he was quite in good spirits about going," she interposed. "I think he likes the idea."

Frank, with his new-born experience, felt at once that something must have happened, and that all was not merely simple, straightforward, cousinly friendship between Mary and Ben.

"I suppose that was why you did not send for me," he said; "but, mamma, you must take the consequences. Instead of only dining at Richmond, I have passed the Sunday there, and I hope you will be so polite as to call. They are very good sort of people, and they have been very kind to me."

"Those new people!" said Mrs. Renton. "What a house for you to spend Sunday in! Your note never came till yesterday, when the servants came back from church; and I thought, of course, you must have gone back to Royalborough. Mary will tell you all about it, and how we consulted what to do."

"But, mother, I want you to call on Mrs. Rich," repeated Frank.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Renton, sitting up on her sofa.

But Frank was aware that she must not be allowed to stand up for herself, and confirm her own resolution by talk.

"They are friends of Laurie's," he said, making a little gulp at the fib; "they are fond of him, and they may have it in their power to be kind to him, too. They are going to Italy next year."

"My poor Laurie!" cried Mrs. Renton. "He has written me such a nice letter. He says he could not come to say good-by; that it would have been too much for him. So he says; but I am sure he was afraid to come to let me see how pale he was looking. You don't think it is any thing about his lungs which has taken him to Italy? He might confide in you."

"Why it is for his pictures, not his lungs," said Frank, with the cheerful confidence of ignorance. "Those Riches are friends of his. I am sure it would be good for him if you could make up your mind to call. Don't you think he is the sort of man who ought to marry money?" Frank added, with a little embarrassment, after a pause.

"To marry money! Is he thinking of marrying?—and he has nothing!" cried Mrs. Renton, with consternation.

"But if she had a good deal?" said Frank. "He will never make any way for himself. Don't you see, he is too good-natured and kind for that. So I think a nice little fortune that would support him comfortably would be the very finest thing for Laurie. And I wish you would call at Richmond."

"Is it Miss Rich that is to supply the little fortune?" asked Mary, with a smile.

"Miss Rich is very nice," said Frank, with some indignation. Though he spoke thus of Laurie, it was not with any particular hope in respect to him. But if he himself should marry Nelly—which seemed much more likely—he would not drop any word which could be brought up against her. "She is very accomplished, and draws beautifully; but unless you can get my mother to attend to ordinary civility, they can't be expected to like it. And it may be the worse for both Laurie and me."

"Neither Laurie nor you should have any thing to do with such people," said Mrs. Renton, and then she stopped short, and a new current of thinking rose up in her mind. "I do not like such things to be spoken of, Frank," she said. "It is disgusting to hear some people talk of marrying money. Has the young lady a great fortune? Did you say she was nice? Sometimes the children of those vulgar people are wonderfully well brought up. They get all that money can buy, of course. And did you say they were fond of Laurie? He has never mentioned them in any of his letters. Poor Laurie! will his pictures ever bring him in any money, I wonder? And he never can go travelling about on his allowance—that is impossible.—Did you say Miss Rich had a very large fortune, Frank?"

"Enough to be comfortable upon," said the guardsman. "They would be immensely pleased if you would call."

"Oh, my dear, I am not strong enough, nor in spirits to call anywhere," said Mrs. Renton, sinking back on her pillows. But the seed had been dropped in her mind. Mary Westbury's opinion, when she and Frank were alone, was that she would go. Frank, for his part, found himself a great deal more anxious about it than he had the least idea he was. Perhaps because of Nelly; perhaps only because of the difficulty—he could scarcely say.

"I shall feel very small if she does not go," he confided to Mary; "and really, you know, I had not the least claim upon them, and they were very kind to me."

"I thought you said they were friends of Laurie's," said Mary, "and he never mentioned them in any way; but people have begun to gossip about you, Frank. I nearly laughed when you were talking so wisely of Laurie. It never occurred to you that other people might be behind the scenes and know better. Everybody says it is you."

"What is me?" said Frank, with some heat. "I did not think you were the sort of girl to repeat such folly. Because Nelly Rich is a nice, bright little thing, and would be the very thing for Laurie—"

"Laurie again!" cried Mary, laughing. "You are the strangest figure for a match-maker! They say, Frank, that these good people had quite made up their mind to have a gentleman of Berks for their daughter; and that is why they have always been so interested about us. And then they came to know you—the very thing they want. I don't know if it is true, but that is what they say."

"They say a great deal of nonsense," said Frank.—"But, Mary, I have never had any opportunity to ask you any thing. How about Ben?"

And now it was Mary's turn to change countenance. "I don't think there is much to tell about Ben," she said, with unusual curtness of expression. "He is going to America, you know."

"But there is something more than that," said Frank. "I can read it in your face."

"Then you know more than I," said Mary Westbury, cooling down into that dogmatic obduracy and calmness which is a gift of woman. "I am sure Ben did not confide in me."

No; and wild horses would not have drawn any thing further from her, that was evident. Mary, who was always so open, and candid, and straightforward, closed up in a moment, put shutters to all her windows, sealed her lips as if hermetically. If there had been nothing, this would not have been necessary; but Frank had not time to go fully into the question. He gave her a keen, scrutinizing glance, and then was silent. No doubt Ben had got into some scrape or other; but that his brother was not to know any thing about it was equally clear.

"It is dreadful that you should all be going off at once," said Mary. "Ben did come to bid us good-by, but Laurie has disappeared without even so much as that. I wish you would tell me something about Laurie, Frank. He must have known somebody better than the Riches, surely—some of those artist-people. When you went to see him in town, did you never see any of his friends?"

"Laurie's friends?" said the guardsman, and it is undeniable that a bout of confusion stole over him. It was a kind of duel that was taking place between his cousin and himself. They were both of clearer sight than usual, enlightened by experience—both anxious to find out something they did not know, and conceal something they did. "Oh, yes," Frank went on, carelessly, "I have seen several of his friends—Suffolk, the painter—though I don't suppose you ever heard of him; and there is a Mrs. Severn, in Fitzroy Square—I think he was most intimate there."

"Tell me about her," cried Mary. "It is so odd of Laurie to go away without coming home; something must have happened to him. It might not be any thing of that kind, of course; but tell me—were there daughters? or any one?"

Frank cleared his throat, nor could he keep a certain glow of color from mounting to his temples—most foolish and uncalled for it was, no doubt—for Mrs. Severn's household was not, and never could be, any thing to him. Either it was Mary's eyes looking at him so keenly, or simply a little excitement hanging about himself. And he must have taken cold on the river somehow.

"Daughters?" he said. "Oh—well—children, that's all; there

is one little girl that plays charmingly," said Frank, with easy candor; "but Laurie never cared for music. I don't think there's any thing in that."

"And it could not be Miss Rich?" said Mary, fixing her eyes more keenly than ever on the young fellow's face.

Then his countenance cleared—he was himself unaware of the change of expression, but Mary saw it, and perceived at once that Nelly, though he talked of her so much, was not dangerous ground to Frank. "No; frankly, I don't think it could be Miss Rich," he said, with a laugh. "I think it would be a capital thing for both; but I cannot say that either of them have thought of it for themselves."

"But this Mrs. Severn," insisted Mary, and she was aware of an immediate gleam of intelligence and embarrassment in his eyes.

"She is a painter," said Frank, "and a widow, and a very nice woman—at least I suppose so. To hear Laurie chattering to you, you would think he found her so. I cannot say I remarked it particularly myself."

"And young?" said Mary, breathless on her discovery.

"Oh, dear, no," said Frank, "not at all young—not old either, I suppose. No certain age, you know; that sort of thing. But really, if you are interested about her, you must apply to Miss Rich. I did not observe—Her little girl," Frank continued, with again that soft droop of the eyelids, and gleam of sudden light from beneath them—"she I told you of, who plays so charming—is at Richmond, now."

"Oh!" said Mary. And Frank turned away to the window as if the conversation had come to a natural period. As for his cousin, she seemed suddenly to have made a discovery; and yet, when she thought it over, could not make out the meaning of it. The little girl who played could not surely have any thing to do with Laurie; or was it Frank himself who was moved by her music—or—Mary was left as much in the dark as at the beginning. "The boys" had all gone off on their separate courses; they had escaped out of the hands of their old confidante and unfailing sympathizer; and the idea grieved her. She would have given a great deal to have been able to read the meaning of that look in her young cousin's eyes. She would have liked in all sisterly tenderness and faithfulness to fathom Laurie's secret—for a secret Mary felt there must be. As for Ben, that was different; the secret in his case felt somehow as if it were her own.

"Old Sargent ought to be looked after, really," said Frank. "It is all very well to have a gardener who is a character; but those flower-beds are disgraceful, Mary. You should see the garden at Richmond. I suppose my mother does not mind; but, at least, you might look after it. I shall give the old beggar a piece of my mind if he comes across me to-day."

"Are the gardens really so wonderful at Richmond?" said Mary; "altogether it must be an extraordinary place. I should like to know Miss Rich, of course, if— But Frank, you might tell me— If that is really what you are thinking of—"

"If what is really what I am thinking of?" said Frank, with a laugh. Mary had laid her hand on his shoulder, and was looking at him anxiously. His face had changed once more—the gleam under the eyelash, the softened droop of the lid, had disappeared; but the color rose again to his face, though with a difference. "Don't inquire too much," he said, turning away from her. "I can't tell you myself. No one can say what may happen. Don't ask me any more questions, there's a dear."

"But, Frank, only one thing—is she really so very nice?" said Mary, with another effort to watch his eye.

"Oh, yes; she's very nice," answered Frank, with a little impatience in his tone.

"And if—that were to happen, you would not require to go to India," said Mary, dropping her voice.

"No."

"And—only one word—are you really, really so fond of her, Frank?"

The young soldier shook her hand off his shoulder, and turned away with an impatient exclamation. "Good Heavens! what an inquisitor you are! Can't you let a fellow alone? As if a man can go and make a talk about every thing like a set of girls!" he cried, and stepped out of the open window on to the lawn, where old Sargent was visible in the distance. Frank went straight to the old

gardener, and began to give him that piece of his mind he had promised, using considerable action, and pointing indignantly to the flower-beds, while Mary stood and watched, feeling that old Sargent was suffering the penalty of her own curiosity. Her cousins had always been as brothers to Mary—at least the two younger ones had been brothers; and it vexed her beyond description to find how they had both glided out of her knowledge upon their different paths. She was a good girl, and very sensible, everybody allowed, but still she was young, not in reality any older than Frank, and the first idea of love was sacred and charming to her mind. The almost admission he had made struck her dumb. To think of a girl—in that way—and yet not be fond of her! Mary shrank from the idea as if she had received a blow. Of course, she had heard of marrying money, as everybody else has, and, like everybody else, had seen people who were said to have married money, and got on together as well as the rest of the world. It was a thing acknowledged in the society she was acquainted with to be a duty incumbent upon some people, and creditable to all. But yet—one of the boys! Instinct carried the day over principle as inculcated everywhere around her. With other people it might be well enough—but one of us! Mary stood in great consternation, looking on while Frank delivered his lecture to the gardener. She wanted to say something more to him, and did not know how. Had not he better, far better, go to India after all? It would be sad to have none of the boys at home, but not so sad as this. And then Mary cast a half-angry, half-pitying thought at Nelly Rich, poor wealthy girl, the “money” whom Frank was trying to bring himself to marry. She was angry, like a woman, at this creature for so much as existing, and yet—“Oh!” said Mary to herself, “what a fate for a girl—to be married as money! And how frightful for Frank! and how base of him! and yet, oh, what a fate! poor, poor fellow!” This is how her thoughts went on as she stood gazing after him, with consternation, and sympathy, and horror, and indignation. Everybody would say it was quite right; even Mrs. Renton would go and call, for this reason, though for no other, and smile upon them for their wealth. Mary grew sick as she thought of it. Ben was infatuated, and blind, and foolish. He was going to be miserable in a different way, for the creature he loved was not good enough for him. But it was not so bad as this.

In the mean time Frank was very bitter upon old Sargent about those flower-beds. He upbraided the gardener with taking advantage of his mother's illness and her indifference to external things. He was so solemn about such a breach of trust that the old man was struck dumb, and had not a word to say for himself. It was a satisfaction to the mind of the young master, who had been stung by Mary's injudicious question, more than he could have avowed. Frank had to take a long walk, and do an immense deal of thinking, before he could bring himself back to his former easy sense of duty. Fond of her! Of course, if he married her he should grow fond of Nelly; he liked her very well now, or he never would think of it. Girls were such foolish creatures, and could not understand all the breadth of a man's motives. A pretty thing the world would be if it were built only upon what they call love. Love! It was very well in its way, but society wanted a firmer, more practical basis; but yet, notwithstanding all these reasonings, Frank was more shaken than he had yet been by the surprise and the pain that had come into Mary Westbury's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST.

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF “FALSE COLORS,” “DENIS DONNE,” ETC.

IT was back in the long, past days, when literary labor was a new thing to me, that I committed a fraud in the cause of friendship which has kept me a poor man all my life.

And worse than the poverty which it has entailed upon me, is the bitter knowledge I have that the world regards me with a sort of good-natured compassion; is tolerant to attempts that either it will not deign to read, or, if it reads, will not dare to admire, because the stamp of non-success is imprinted legibly upon every thing that bears my name. Doubtless I have fellow-sufferers. Doubtless others have been equally credulous, equally guilty, and equally punished. But I doubt whether any one of them was ever brought into the difficulty by one he or she loved as dearly as I loved Gerard Hayter.

Under the above name I am about to describe one of the most popular, successful, fascinating, and brilliant men of letters of the present day—a man who is blessed in his domestic, social, and literary relations to an extraordinary degree—a man whom the big and little “Jupiters” delight to extol, whose works men of the world applaud for their knowledge of human nature, and women of the world pronounce to be fraught with the purest and most profound pathos, and whose “situations” are so intensely dramatic that, while his works continue to be published, writers for the stage find it unnecessary to cross the Channel in search of material—a man, in fact, who, though not a Dickens, nor a Trollope, nor a Yates, nor a “Guy Livingstone,” finds himself a very little way behind any of these gentlemen in the matter of readers and remuneration.

This is a friendship—a bond, I should say—of many years' standing now. We were not school-fellows or college friends, but we were what brings men into even closer communion than these things; namely, young, straggling writers on the same ill-fated paper, which was born, and which expired in slow agonies, some eighteen years ago.

I remember the night of my introduction to him well. We were holding a riotously-mirthful but otherwise harmless orgy at the rooms of our editor—smoking, and drinking bitter ale, and laughing heartily and hopefully at the wit and humor which we were bandying about, and which we faithfully believed was revolutionizing modern literature. Our editor was a caustic, clever Scotchman, a purist in style, a conservative to the core, a capital classical scholar, a genial gentleman, a Bohemian at heart, and altogether a man not precisely fitted to be the ruling spirit of a comic paper, and the guide, philosopher, and friend of a lot of bright-minded, hare-brained, warm-hearted young men.

We were striking out the plan of the paper for the following week, when Gaskin, our editor, said: “By-the-way, I am expecting a splendid young fellow here presently; he's going to do something unless I am very much mistaken. We must get him on the *Prickly Pear* without delay;” and then, as he finished speaking, the door opened, and looming through the smoke we saw the figure of a fine, tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty, who came into the midst of us at once, and became “one of us” almost before he had spoken, by the power of that irresistible *bonhomie* and overwhelming vitality which has always carried him along on the topmost wave of success.

How brightly and blithely the *Prickly Pear* went for the next few weeks! He could do any thing. Burlesque burlesques; parody, paragraph, paraphrase, and plagiarize every thing and everybody. Gaskin was quite right; he was a “splendid young fellow.” We older hands on the *Prickly Pear* saw him winning his spurs with mingled pride and pleasure. But, as I have said, the *Prickly Pear* withered up after a while, in spite of all our efforts and his brilliancy, and the staff separated and followed the fortunes of other leaders, with various success.

Some of us were never heard of again. One subsided into a reporter. One started a paper of his own. One turned bookseller, and others dispersed themselves modestly about the London press. I fell into a moderately money-getting groove by writing serials for local papers; and Gerard Hayter wrote for every periodical of that day with a *verve* and vigor that weekly increased our faith in him.

During all this time we had become very intimate, and one night he told me in a burst of higher spirits than ever that he was going to be married, and that I must be his “best man.” For at least a month after he made this announcement, I had not an hour during the day to devote to my own work. He paid me the delicate compliment of intrusting the finding of a house in a given neighborhood, and at a given rate, to me. And when I had satisfactorily discharged that mission, he sent me on another in search of furniture, which I was “to look up, and then let Nina see,” before I purchased on his account. As Nina (his beloved) was very fastidious, this task, though delightful, was an onerous one.

The favorite of Fate and Fortune was as lucky in his marriage prospects as in every thing else. His bride was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and she had a few thousand pounds in addition to her personal charms.

His house at Brompton realized all my ideas of an earthly paradise. He gave exquisite little dinners, which were gracefully presided over by his beautiful, cordial wife; and he made me feel that I was at home there until the bond between us seemed like a modern version of the Damon and Pythias story, with improvements. All this time we

were both working away hard and contentedly in our respective walks of literature—he as a *feuilletoniste* and sketch-writer, I as a romancist and story-teller—in obscure local papers.

At length he surprised me one day by—"By Jove! old fellow, I'll write a novel—three volumes—they're the things to pay, sir."

"Haden't you better try your hand at some shorter work of fiction first?" I suggested.

"Not a bit of it—make or nothing—three volumes, nothing shorter. You ought to have done the task yourself before now, Maitland. I shall get my novel ready for publication in May; that's the best month."

"Have you begun it?" I asked; for it was February now when he spoke of it.

"Not a line, not a word written, but I have plenty of time; I shall go at it just enough to get into the spirit of it, and give you an idea of what it is to be when you come to-morrow. I shall always take your advice, and submit things to your judgment, old fellow," he added, affectionately.

Sure enough, the following night he had the first chapter ready to read to me. It was just like himself, brilliant, clever, full of vitality and *bonhomie*, and from the bottom of my heart I prayed for the success that I prophesied for it. Mrs. Hayter liked it too; she criticised it more than I did, and criticised very judiciously too: "You want something more than life and animation in a novel, you know, Gerard dear," she said, laying her beautiful head on his shoulder, so as mercifully to temper her judgment. And he said: "Yes, he knew that, and should pull in the pathos by-and-by."

He did "pull in the pathos" so well, that when the book came out in May, everybody cried over it, and pronounced it the work of the season. It went into a second edition at once, and the reviews were, so to say, rabid in their admiration. I saw him the hour after its great success was ascertained, and when I had poured out my congratulations, I said: "You must follow it up at once, old fellow, with another."

"That's what my publisher tells me; he says, 'Always follow up a success;' but supposing a fellow can't do it, what then?" he said, excitedly.

"Nonsense, Gerard! you can if any one can; even knowing you as well as I do, I'm amazed at the facility of your style. Never hint a doubt, my good fellow; plan another at once, and make hay while the sun shines; the public is a feeble monster—'Gather ye roses while ye may,' as old Herrick says." I poured out these sentences in the full belief that I was combating a sudden access of laziness which would, if indulged in, be most pernicious to his rising fame.

He looked thoughtful for a minute, then he said: "Shall I close with—" then mentioning his publisher—"he offers me" (here he mentioned a large sum of money) "a year, to write so many works of fiction for him in the course of the next six years. It would be a certain income, you know, and a fine, if I can only depend on myself. What do you say, Maitland? we have been living rather extravagantly, and we shall have to pull-in if I don't close with this. I wouldn't care for myself, but there's Nina and the kid." He spoke anxiously and affectionately; and I, knowing how sorely it would cut beautiful Mrs. Hayter to be compelled to live on straitened means, said:

"Close with it by all means without delay, old fellow; 'depend upon yourself,' of course you can depend upon yourself; and, if at any time you're pressed for time I dare say I can manage to fill a gap for you; given certain circumstances, and certain events must ensue in fiction as in real life. I believe I could undertake to carry on a story begun by you without the most discriminating reader marking the difference."

"I shall act on your advice, dear old boy," he said, and he sat down and wrote a letter to his publisher, closing with the offer.

I must now entreat the reader's interest for myself for a short time. I did not go much into private society; but it happened, a few weeks after my conversation with Hayter, that I was at an evening party, where we had a carpet-dance. I was going through the evolutions of a quadrille with an antique virgin, who, knowing I was a writer, tried to talk elegant, light literature to me, when my eyes fell upon a girl who had just come into the room leaning on the arm of a choleric-looking old gentleman. My companion, seeing where my gaze was riveted, giggled for a moment, and then said:

"That is forbidden fruit, Mr. Maitland. Miss Lascelles is going to

be married to that gentleman." The music came to an end with a clash, and I was free to deposit my ill-favored informant on a bench before she could say any more. Then I hurried away to my hostess, and begged her to introduce me to the young lady in black, with those cloudy masses of white tulle about her neck and arms.

My request was complied with, and in another minute I was talking to the girl, and was hopelessly in love.

She was so pretty, so piquant, so exquisitely sympathetic to me. Her dainty beauty was not of the striking, splendid order of Mrs. Hayter's, but it was equally charming of its kind. I felt that if I could only win this woman for my wife, I should as a husband be on an equal platform with Gerard. I felt—well, it is hard to say what I felt—intoxicated with the radiant, intelligent, and sympathetic smile that lit up the whole of the mobile, oval face, and beamed from the star-like, hazel eyes. I was in love! I was in heaven as I waltzed with her; as she talked, not polite conversation, but genuine sentiments about genuine things; as she vented her sweet enthusiasms, her appreciative admirations, her own darling ideas about different things. She had read what I had written, and knew me by my name for the author of the same. Can more subtle flattery than this be paid to a writer who is, as it were, living *perdu* yet? She had found out who the author of this, that, and the other thing was. "And they ought not to be in such places, Mr. Maitland; they ought to be where 'Fidelity' is—in three volumes on the shelves of every circulating-library."

Now "Fidelity" was the name of Gerard Hayter's novel. So I talked to her of my friend, of his lovely wife, of his charm, his talent, his success. And I suppose the tone in which I told another's life

"Interpreted my own,"

for she seemed to realize my career very perfectly before we parted.

We parted for a few days only. I found out that she was the eldest daughter of an old general officer, a proud old fellow who lived up to his large income, and designed that all his daughters should marry money. Alice (my friend) was betrothed to a rich East-India merchant, the choleric-looking old gentleman on whose arm she had been leaning when I saw her first.

Every thing was against me—the girl's own feeling of honor, her father's prejudices, my own sense of what the world would call right. But "love was still the lord of all," and before I had known Alice Lascelles six weeks I had found an opportunity of asking her to be my wife. I put all the difficulties and drawbacks before her very plainly, and, without a moment's hesitation, when I had finished speaking, she accepted me.

"I have already broken off my engagement with Mr. Hill," she said. "I found myself getting so fond of you that I couldn't bear to look at him even; so I told him the truth, and he swore at me; and when I said that made me rejoice more than ever that I'd had the courage to break it off, he swore at me more than ever."

"And no recording angel will blot out an oath uttered against you," I said.

"I have read 'Tristram Shandy,' Jack," she said, gravely; "I hope you don't think the worse of me for that?"

On my honor, I assured her that I did not.

"I wonder if you'll think the worse of me when I tell you that, if you marry me, you won't have a penny with your wife," she went on, coloring fiercely, but speaking out bravely; "my poor, little, barely-passable face is my fortune."

I became demonstrative, but she checked me.

"Jack, papa will say 'no,' I know that; I sha'n't even have the means of buying a wedding-dress; will you hamper yourself with such a poverty-stricken little wretch?"

For answer I made her vow again and again that she would marry me, and me only, and that soon.

She promised, and then I went to face her father. General Lascelles was a perfect specimen of the military martinet. He was very frank and outspoken, and he called me what he thought me, "a presumptuous, sneaking, low-lived, scribbling hound." That his footmen did not attempt to turn me out of the house, as they were commissioned to do by him, I owe to a certain stalwartness of frame which is my portion. His answer was very definite: with his consent I should never have his daughter; she was intended for decrepit age and money, in the person of Mr. Hill, and her father disbelieved in youth

and energy, and the power of maintaining her without an assured income, as personified by me.

However, youth entered the lists fairly, and won the fair guerdon of the girl's love honestly. Both Alice and I were averse to doing any thing diametrically opposed to the old man's wishes, or any thing that could savor of filial ingratitude. But he left us no choice. He would not hear me and reason. And the end of it was that, rather than see his daughter sacrificed to his grasping cupidity, I set aside my own scruples, and entreated her to marry me without delay.

It was all very well urging this in hot blood, and vowing in the same that I would "make her famous by my pen," i. e., secure her a fair maintenance, and keep her in that position of life in which she had always been accustomed to be kept. It was all very well vowing and swearing and promising, but, when it came to the point, and she agreed to marry at once, and repent (if needs be) at leisure, I had not the wherewithal to carry out the plans I had made so bravely. In plain, idiomatic English, I was out of funds until the next pay-day (two months hence) arrived. That is to say, though I had enough to have enabled me to rub along as a bachelor, I had not enough to make the path of my bride tolerably smooth.

At this juncture, and just as my bewilderment and anxiety seemed likely to culminate in low fever, I bethought me of Gerard Hayter. He was on the top of the tide; surely he would not object to advancing me a sum of money which I could easily repay. On the other hand, though he was on the top of the tide of success, still, to my certain knowledge, he had a great many expenses, and the consideration of these made me hesitate about applying to him. In this emergency, while I was waiting, and Alice was preparing for our quiet marriage, he came to me, and all my difficulties vanished.

"Jack, my dear fellow," he said, "I'm in a fix."

"So am I," I said.

"I'm in an awful fix," he went on, moodily, without noticing my remark. "You know what I did on the strength of the success of 'Fidelity'; what you advised me to do, in fact. Well, now I'm stranded, high and dry, in the middle of the first volume, and my publisher is crying for his pound of flesh; it's in the bond that he has the whole of his copy in six weeks' time, and I haven't an idea left; my brain will soften if it's strained much more."

I felt rather aghast. "What have you been doing all this time?" I asked, for he had been given six months to write his novel in.

"Nothing," he said, rather savagely; "a fellow can't write to order. What were you about, Jack, to let me in for this? Nina is frantic; talks of putting down her brother and going into cheap lodgings, and all sorts of impossibilities; I wish you'd look over the copy I have ready, like a good fellow, and see if you could help me along this once?"

"Do you mean continue your story for you?" I asked, with a beating heart.

"Well, yes; I'll give you a sketch of my general idea about it, and post you up in a notion or two about some of the characters. If I only had the power of writing to order like a machine, I should be all right," he continued, with a sort of magnificent scorn, that at the time I thought infinitely becoming; "but I haven't the power, and so I'll give up the working out of one of the finest women who has been brought into a book for many a long day into your hands."

He talked on in this strain for a long time, and the end of it was that we came to the following agreement, namely—that I should finish the novel he had in hand; that it should be published in his name; that he should take all the praise and all the blame which might be awarded it; and that, in consideration of my share in the work, I should receive the sum of one hundred pounds from him when the last line of manuscript was sent in to his publisher.

I did my work in the appointed time, I received the money, I married, and went off on my wedding-tour, with all my happiness marred by the feeling that I had committed a fraud on the public, the evil effects of which would, at no distant date, rebound on my own head. The worst effects I dreaded were that the deception both Hayter and I had practised—I in writing the book, and he in palming it off as his own—would be discovered, and that our reputation for probity would be destroyed. This was what I dreaded. The evils that have ensued are widely different, and have fallen on my head alone.

We came home, and after a time the proceeds from my usual work flowed in—not with lavish profusion certainly, but still with most do-

sirable regularity. Alice and I were in comfortable furnished lodgings, not very distant from the little *bijou* house in Brompton which was occupied by Gerard Hayter and his wife, and Nina and Alice were "devoted friends," as the women phrase it.

The reviews, the public, and consequently the libraries, were kinder to Gerard Hayter's new novel than they had been to his first even. He peacocked himself upon the strength of this success amazingly and amusingly. He did not *quite* ignore my share in the work, but he did *almost* ignore it.

"Maitland, my dear old fellow, how splendidly we work together, don't we?" he would say, reading a good "selling" notice, and tugging away at his mustache. "I do the pattern, and you do the grounding admirably."

Yes; he had the audacity to tell me that I did the "grounding," when I had written exactly two volumes and a half of his new and successful novel.

Time went on. Our dream of love was resolving itself into very wide-awake married happiness, and the enterprising publisher who had bought Hayter's brains and name for six years began to grow impatient to see the early chapters and the scheme of another novel. Again Gerard came to me, moody and miserable, and repentant of the bargain he had made.

"Why don't you tell him you can't do it, and cancel the bond?" I asked.

"Why don't I stand at the corners of the streets and shout to all who care to hear that I'm written out for a time; that I can't produce money's worth, and so must go and starve? You're a precious adviser, Jack—a Job's comforter, and no mistake; besides, I have the ideas. I have got a woman in my head who will beat all the heroines of late years hollow; I have studied her profoundly, and could sketch her pointedly and well for you; it's the confounded filling-in and padding that I can't do—the part you manage so well; come, Jack, what do you say? let us do another book together on the same terms as before."

"And publish the fact of the joint authorship?" I asked.

"My dear fellow, no one in that special line of literature knows your name even," he said, condescendingly. "No, no; that would spoil the name of the book. My name will float any thing."

"Why don't you write 'any thing,' and try it, then?" I said.

"I really haven't the health at command, or the time either; I don't want to drop my connection with the papers I'm on, and yet the public will have a novel bearing my name every six months. Come, Jack, be a good fellow." Then he went on to put the fact before me more forcibly, that no publisher would risk buying a book of mine at present, and that I should be unwise to put myself in the ranks of the rejected. And, further, he enlisted my wife on his side, through the agency of his wife. "Dear Jack, it will be so nice to have that money down at once for doing what won't take you very long to write, because you're so clever. Besides, see how it will help poor Gerard! Nina says he would never hold his head up again, if he had to break his agreement with his publisher."

Alice's blandishments and Mr. Gerard Hayter's conscientious scruples carried the day against my knowledge of what was due to myself. I entered upon the task, and this time I was not hampered with even half a volume of another man's writing. Gerard gorgeously placed some of his grand ideas at my service; but I did not find them available. Consequently, I wrote the whole of the third novel, which was shortly advertised as "from the pen of that popular novelist, Mr. Gerard Hayter."

For more than three years I remained in this ignominious bondage. He was quite right in his assertion that "whatever was put forth to the world under his name went like wildfire." The novel-reading public had an enthusiasm for him. But still, as various discriminating critics picked out special bits in the books on which to bestow unbounded praise, it occurred to me that, if I appeared in my own proper person, I could soon make as much as Gerard Hayter; for every one of "his" latter novels was pronounced to be an improvement on his first, "Fidelity."

Accordingly, I wrote a book into which I poured my best, and sent it to the firm that esteemed him so highly under my own name. They returned it with "their compliments, and regretted to say that it was a class of work they had no desire to publish." Another firm rejected it without so much as a glance; they understood that I was a sensation serial writer for some of the local papers, and must decline any

dealings with me. And so on! More or less courteously, my novel was rejected by every novel-publishing firm in London, and eventually Gerard Hayter gave me a hundred pounds for it, and it came out in his name, and went into six editions during the season.

After this I spoke to him again about giving publicity to the fact that I had some share in the works read and received as his. But he scoffed at the idea.

"It would deteriorate from their value at once," he said, with more candor than civility. "We shouldn't get more than two hundred for one, then, and so your share would only be a hundred, which is what I give you now."

"You ought to give me more," I urged, discontentedly.

"My dear fellow," he said, largely, "consider my expenses."

"Consider mine."

"Mine is a very different sort of establishment to yours, you must admit, Jack."

"That's no reason," I said, irrelevantly. "My wife has as fine a taste for every elegance and comfort as yours has—only I can't give them to her."

"A better time is coming, dear old boy," he said.

"It must come soon, or I shall be broken down," I said, bitterly.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" he said, cheerily. "Alice and you must come and dine with us to-night. I have a case of Madame Cliquot just in that will make your eyes twinkle; and after dinner we'll have a quiet pipe, Jack, and talk over the next novel."

Yes, he had the coolness to say that!

The weight of the last straw is proverbial. I could not go on bearing the burden that he was so thoughtlessly heaping upon me. So, after that dinner, at which he had salmon at seven shillings a pound, and green peas at half a guinea a quart, I told him plainly that "our partnership of deceit" (I worded it strongly) must come to an end.

"I must write from morning till night at things that will bring some grist to the mill," I said, "and you must learn to rely on yourself, Gerard."

He gave a shrill whistle.

"Confound it! old fellow, you're not going to cut up rusty, and leave me in the lurch—are you?" he asked, in an injured tone.

"No; but I am going to look more sharply after my own interests," I said, grumpily.

He put his hand on my shoulder with a caressing gesture that was a favorite one with him.

"Jack, I shall be in Queer Street, if you desert me," he said, in the mellifluous accents that I liked so well.

"Exert yourself," I said, laconically.

"That's all very well, old fellow—and so I do. But exertions, unaided, don't produce novels—do they? By Jove! 'Fidelity' will be the bane of my life."

"As it is of mine," I said, referring to the fidelity with which I served him.

"If it hadn't been for that beastly book, I shouldn't have been forced to the front in this way. Now I am there, I can't go back. Why did you tell me that you'd always help me, and write up 'copy' if I hadn't got it ready, if you meant to back out of it in this way?"

"I didn't mean to back out of it; but the arrangement is an unfair one—it's my brains against your name, and you are getting a rich man, while I am struggling on as a poor one. It's an injustice to my wife and children."

"What makes you think I'm a rich man?" he asked, opening his eyes.

"The style in which you live."

"That's bosh! I'm obliged to keep up appearances; if I didn't, the children of Israel would be down upon me."

Then he grew mournful, and drew a melancholy picture of what would be the state of Nina and himself, if I withdrew 'my aid,' as he kindly called the fact of my writing his novels for him.

However, I am long-suffering, but I am but human, after all. It was a difficult matter for me to quarrel with Gerard, for I liked him, and I was useful to him, which latter circumstance made him marvelously forbearing. But I shook off my chains eventually, and was rewarded for my independent spirit by being cut by him and Nina at the Zoological Gardens, the following Sunday, and by a stinging and with-

ering review of the first novel I ventured to bring out, which review bore unmistakable evidences of having proceeded from his pen.

I am slowly working my way into public favor. My best was expended in the works which appeared in Gerard Hayter's name, and for the cheap editions of which he is receiving a sum of money that would seem to be a very fair income to me. But still, though my youthful fire is quenched, and my youthful facility and freedom have left me, I write things that are better worth reading than were those I wrote in my heyday of youth.

I am a middle-aged man now, and Alice is a buxom matron, bent on her sons following in the "literary footsteps of their father." I hope, if they do this, they will avoid some treacherous ground on which I trod in the cause of friendship.

Gerard Hayter is still a most popular novelist. But "his style has altered entirely," people tell me. I am not aware whether he merely does the pattern, and leaves the grounding to some one else, as of old, or whether he does the whole of it, or whether he does none of it. Nor do I very much care to ascertain the fact. The grievance, as far as I am concerned, is an old and half-forgotten one. But, for the sake of some of my younger brethren, I could wish that they should be judged by their works, and not by their names alone, as is too often the case now. A flourishing review does more for a book than the fairest fancies it may contain, a publishing-puff more than any pathos or passion or profundity. But I am forgetting myself; I have not subsided into the lecturer yet. So, without further comment on the facts, I will only say that such things are.

DURING THE RED TERROR.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY REWRITTEN.



AMONG the monuments of old Paris there were three that played a remarkable part in the Revolution. They were, the Temple, the Prison of the Abbey, and the Carmelite Convent in the Rue de Vaugirard. The first two have entirely disappeared; but, to correctly estimate those eventful times, it is necessary meffally to reconstruct them. The Carmelite Convent, however, remains very nearly in the same condition as it was in 1792. There are few things more interesting than to visit these old buildings, whose fortune has been so diverse, being, at

different periods, monastery, barrack, public ballroom, and prison. At each step a dolorous past is recalled, never, perhaps, exceeded in history. The church, the garden, and the oratory, known to-day as the Chapel of the Martyrs, reproduce to the imagination the frightful scenes of the massacre of the 2d September, when more than one hundred ecclesiastics perished in the space of an hour. Here is the spot where the first victim fell; there, the alley where the Archbishop of Arles was killed; lower down, the steps where the greater part of the clergy were slaughtered. Everywhere the shadow of death is felt. In the interior of the convent we find the narrow cells where large numbers of persons of all ages and both sexes suffered a long and agonizing captivity, leaving them only, in the majority of cases, for the tumbrel and the guillotine. The late M. Dupin, some years ago, in his "Mémoires," drew attention to this spot as fraught with important

historical souvenirs. He relates his impressions in reading the scraps of writing on the walls, often full of philosophy and resignation, especially in the chamber of the Girondins. Lamartine's history is very defective in facts, though full of poetry. M. Dupin says: "I was strongly impressed by them. They ought to be copied literally, these adieux to life; the speaking walls should be photographed." This work has been ably done by M. Alexandre Sorel, who in the most painstaking manner has collected from public archives and the papers of private families a vast array of facts, all intensely interesting and new. To this valuable work we are indebted for the material of this paper.

In the eventful year 1254 a small band of Carmelite monks appeared in Paris. Many of them had quitted their rocky cells in Syria, fleeing from violent persecutions, and, following in the train of the royal crusader Saint-Louis, they returned with him to France. They installed themselves in a crazy habitation, situated on the banks of the Seine, where later the Celestins erected a stately convent. The Carmelite habit at this period was a white mantle, looped up with black bands, which obtained for its wearers the *sobriquet* of *Barres*. In 1309, Philippe-le-Bel bestowed upon them a larger house, called the *Lion*, situated at the foot of the hill of Sainte-Geneviève, near the Place Maubert. Under Philip the Tall their new habitation became too small, and they purchased, in 1386, the buildings of the College of Dace contiguous. They then erected a vast monastery, with a church whose façade looked on the Rue Saint-Hilaire. Things remained in this condition until the end of the sixteenth century, when, grave abuses having crept into the order, reforms were adopted in Spain and Italy by new monks, bearing the name of *Discalceati*, or Barefooted. Pope Paul V. obtained from Henry IV. permission for the entry of the Barefooted Carmelites into France. On the spot where the Huguenots had preached, in face of fire and sword, a purer faith, the new fraternity inaugurated their rule, Whitsunday, 1611. The Queen Marie de Medicis laid the foundation-stone of a splendid church in the presence of the court. An old historian thus describes the ceremony: "The Queen Mother Marie de Medicis, Regent of France, accompanied by all the princes and princesses of the court, assisted at the ceremony and the benediction given by the Cardinal de Bonzi, Bishop of Beziers, clad in pontificals, the nobility with the guards, and a great quantity of people who had assembled. The benediction being concluded, the monks formed in procession, carrying torches, and placed themselves modestly near the stone. The queen followed them with royal gravity; then her Majesty knelt humbly, and threw several pieces of gold and silver, with a thousand benedictions, on the place where the stone was to be laid. There was much joyous acclamation and thankfulness for this noble assistance to our Lord's cause."

In less than two centuries later, this convent, inaugurated under such favorable auspices, was to become the scene of the most sanguinary massacres, when the "acclamations of joy" were succeeded by the ferocious cries of the blood-thirsty and the groans of their unhappy victims.

The convent was a magnificent structure, and was surrounded by vast and carefully-kept gardens. The friars were adepts in chemistry, and soon achieved a reputation for their *eau de melisse*, frequently called *eau des Carmes*. They made large profits out of its sale—much the same as is done by the *chartreuse* and *eau des moines Benedictines*. In one year they gained three thousand livres a monk. They called it a *tonic* composed of herbs; but the public, no bad judge of this kind of thing, decided that it was a very delectable *liqueur*. They obtained what to-day would be called a *patent* from the king, in 1773. But the chemists rebelled against this monopoly, and they had subsequently to pay to the College of Pharmacy an annual sum of a thousand livres. The monks are said to "have made themselves useful to the Church by their virtues, their preachings, and writings." Some idea of their wealth may be gathered from this description: "Their churches were richly adorned with exquisite carpets, paintings, lamps, and candlesticks." But the alternations of good and ill, which come to all men alike, were fast bringing round the time of change.

The immediate circumstances that produced the Revolution are familiar to most persons. In the first months of 1789, the convocation of the States-General took place, the people being permitted to elect their own deputies. To facilitate this election, Paris was divided into sixty districts. One of these was called *District des Carmes*. The electors met in a hall of the convent. The famous sitting of the

Jeu de Paume, the dismissal of Necker, the open-air speech of Camille Desmoulins, the pursuit of the people by the regiment of the Prince de Lambese, threw Paris into utter consternation. The people arose in various quarters of the city, demanding the reunion of voters. These consented reluctantly, and after deliberation ordered the levy of a national guard of thirty thousand men. On the morrow the Bastille had ceased to exist. The Prior of the Carmelite Convent became the depositary of the public money, and the populace even adopted the badge of the order. The church was placed at the disposal of the public committees. At this period all deliberations were commenced with prayer to the Holy Ghost. Later, the monks offered their buildings as a barrack for the militia, in a document signed by the prior, September 22, 1789. But meanwhile remarkable things were happening in the National Assembly. After a debate, in which the Abbé de Montesquieu took part, they decreed the following articles:

"The constitutional law of the kingdom does not recognize any longer solemn monastic vows of either sex. In consequence, all orders and congregations in which such vows are taken are, and will remain, suppressed in France, without power to establish similar institutions in the future."

Shortly afterward, the arrangement dividing Paris into sixty districts was abandoned, and the District des Carmes became the Section du Luxembourg, which was subsequently to play so dreadful a part in the events of which the Luxembourg quarter became the theatre. The Carmelite Convent contained sixty-four members, of whom forty-two were priests. They were invited to make the declaration prescribed by the Assembly to those who wished to leave the monastery. Only eight priests availed themselves of the opportunity. A superior, nominated by the state, was elected, and the affairs of the order placed under the supervision of the municipality. They had an excellent library of twelve thousand volumes, with many ancient manuscripts. To this the monks were denied access. In reply to an humble petition to be allowed the use of their books, they encountered still harsher measures.

On the 27th May a decree was passed by which the deportation of ecclesiastics was declared to be necessary to the public safety. This decree was carried to the king by an enraged mob that filled the Tuileries, where he was insulted, and the cap of liberty forced upon his head. This was the 20th of June. The 10th of the following August, the knell of the monarchy was sounded, and with it the edifice of religion fell.

The state of things in Paris was rendered worse by the arrival of the Marseillaise, whose wild hymn became the chant of the Revolution, and associated with its bloodiest scenes. They communicated their own lawlessness to the people of Paris, and their first act was the pillage of the Tuileries. The General Council of the city of Paris in a proclamation (August 11th) announced the commencement of the reign of Terror. "Sovereign people, suspend your vengeance; Justice, which has slept, reassumes to-day her rights; all the guilty will perish on the scaffold!" Instructions were at once forwarded to all the sections to arrest the nobility and clergy. The latter were incarcerated in the Seminary of Saint-Firmin, in the Abbey, and in the Church of the Carmelites. No communication was allowed between the prisoners. Their only nourishment was bread and water, and they slept on the pavement of the church. They were refused permission to say or to hear the Mass, and every day fresh arrivals took place. Among the prisoners were three bishops—the Archbishop of Arles and the Bishops of Beauvais and De Saintes. The Bishop of Beauvais was an object of particular animosity. Outside the prison the terror was so great that all the pupils in the College of Saint-Sulpice confessed and prepared for death. One of the prisoners relates the painful experiences of himself and the rest: "Very often we had alarms that seemed to foretell our last hour. One day we heard the approach of a great crowd, screaming the fatal death-song, 'Ça ira.' We doubted not but that our last hour had come, and we all knelt to commend our souls to God." One hundred and fifty prisoners here awaited trial. Traitors mingled with them, to gather information that might be turned to an accusation. Many would have lacked food but for several good people who sent it to them. One lady fed twenty priests. The very loaves of bread were broken to pieces to ascertain that they contained no letters. The doctor requested that they might be allowed air and exercise to prevent contagious disorders, and an hour each day was granted. The venerable Archbishop of Arles, an

old man, with white hair, was frequently spat upon by the ferocious guards, whose blasphemies and indecencies augmented the miseries of the captives. On the 23d of August, one of the sections came as a deputation to the Council of the Commune, and declared formally that the citizens were tired and indignant at the delay of justice, and would break open the doors of the prisons and immolate the prisoners to their vengeance. The following day, Tallien declared in the Assembly, "We have arrested the disturbing priests, and in a few days the soil will be purged of their presence." "No one," says M. Michelet, "doubted of the probability of a massacre." The unhappy prisoners were deluded with promises of liberty, but the oldest among them too well construed the real state of events to indulge a hope. The majority began systematically to prepare for death. On the eve of September 2d, rumor announced that the King of Prussia had invested the town of Ferdun. The Committee of Public Safety proposed to transport the seat of government to Saumur. This Danton resisted, concluding his speech with these words: "My advice is, to disconcert these measures and arrest the enemy; you must strike fear into the royalists. Yes, you must make them fear, I say." In the Carmelite Church, the situation became more distressing every hour. The *surveillance* redoubled, and every prisoner was searched with the greatest caution. Many of their friends came to see them, and, by their tears and grasping of hands, it was easy to see that they anticipated a catastrophe. Nevertheless, the priests remained calm. After dinner, which took place at noon, the roll was called as usual, and the hour's exercise began. A little while afterward guard was relieved—not by soldiers, but by persons without uniform, armed with pikes, and wearing the red cap. At four o'clock all were ordered into the garden, and, contrary to custom, the old men and the infirm, who were wont to retire into quiet places for reflection, were compelled to keep with the rest. The garden is in precisely the same condition today as it was then. It consists of a large square, subdivided into four spaces of equal size, and separated by gravelled walks. In the centre is a circular basin. Having reached the garden, the prisoners separated into groups, and dispersed about the walks. One only, the Abbé Girault, remained near the basin, reciting his prayers.

Meanwhile, a stormy assemblage was holding session at the Church of Saint-Sulpice. The deliberations were on one point only—what should be done with the prisoners, and especially the priests at the Carmelite Convent. The president, Ceyrat, remarked: "All those imprisoned in the convent are guilty, and it is time that the people execute justice. They must be got rid of in a uniform manner!" One of the assembly demanded how this could be done. The president and a large number of the citizens replied, "By death!" At this word, the most impetuous rushed out of the church and took their way to the convent. One person, M. Carcel, foreseeing the approaching danger, entreated the commandant, Tanche, to interfere, but in vain. Arrived at the Rue Vaugirard, the assailants spread themselves through the corridors of the convent, taking possession of the cells that overlooked the garden. There, awaiting a signal, they remained some time, thrusting their sabres and bayonets through the bars of the windows, and uttering the most sanguinary cries. The unfortunate priests fled to the bottom of the garden, where there was a small oratory, and commenced to say the Vespers for Sunday. The Archbishop of Arles was there, accompanied by the Abbé de la Pannonie. The latter remarked that he believed they were coming to assassinate them. To which the archbishop replied: "Well, if the moment of our sacrifice has arrived, let us thank God, and submit ourselves to Him; we offer our blood in a good cause." He was interrupted by cries proceeding from a new quarter, the Rue Cassette. Four vehicles full of priests were on their way to the Abbey. The drivers were ordered to go slowly, under pain of death. The soldiers guarding the carriages informed their occupants that they would not reach the Abbey, for the people were risen to revenge themselves. They accompanied their words with blows from sabres and pikes at hazard. The crowd augmented every moment until the vehicles reached the Abbey. The court-yard was filled with people. One of the priests thought to escape by rushing among the crowd, but he was instantly killed. A second tried, and was also killed. A fourth received a blow from a sabre. Twenty-one priests were killed in all by a mere handful of men led by a miscreant named Maillard. When the last victim had expired, the leader exclaimed, "There's no more to be done here—let us go to the Carmelites!"

Furiously with blood, they rushed through the streets shouting,

"*Vive la nation! Mort aux réfractaires!*" It was the shouts of this mob that interrupted the archbishop. No sooner did those at the window hear them, than, as if they had received the signal they expected, they broke open the garden-gate. Dividing into two groups, they went in search of the priests. The first group met the Abbé Girault, who was still absorbed in reading his breviary. A blow from a sabre divided his skull, and he was killed by blows from numerous pikes in an instant. Seeing this first victim fall, the Abbé Salins rushed to the assassins, hoping to arouse in them some sentiment of pity. A shot instantly killed him. The second group directed their steps to the oratory. They met a number of priests on the way among whom was the Archbishop of Arles, with M. de la Pannonie. Addressing the latter, they demanded if he was the archbishop. Joining his hands and lowering his eyes, M. de la Pannonie made no reply, hoping they might mistake him for the prelate. But another addressed Monsignor Dulan himself:

"It is you, wretch, who are the archbishop."

"Yes, gentlemen, I am," replied he.

"Ah, villain," rejoined the man, "it is you who have shed the blood of so many patriots in the city of Arles."

"I have never done harm to any one," replied the archbishop, calmly.

"Well, I am going to harm you," rejoined the assassin, who levelled a blow at his head with a sabre.

The prelate, unmoved, received the blow without testifying the least fear, or uttering the least cry. A second blow opened his skull. He raised his hands to his head, but the right hand was instantly struck off, and a last blow stretched him lifeless on the earth. One of the assassins then thrust his pike into the chest of the archbishop with such force that he could not withdraw it; then, placing his foot on the corpse, he drew the watch from the pocket and held it up to his companions as a token of triumph.

While this dreadful scene was being enacted, the remaining clergymen rushed into the oratory. Addressing them with a trembling voice, the Abbé Despres remarked:

"Friends, we cannot be better than at the foot of the Cross, in offering to God the sacrifice of our lives."

At these words all knelt, and received mutually absolution. In this position they were found by their murderers. In a few minutes they were all slaughtered, and the white pavement of the chapel swam with blood. All this occurred in less than fifteen minutes.

Meanwhile, in other parts of the garden, similar scenes of atrocity were enacting.

The commandant gave orders that the surviving priests should enter the church. They attempted to do so, but were opposed at the steps by a band of men with upraised pikes, who would have killed them but for the earnest intercession of the commandant that they might enter the church. The majority took refuge in the sanctuary and behind the altar. Two or three hid themselves in a recess leading to the pulpit. The Bishop of Saintes concealed himself in the choir. A moment after, the Bishop of Beauvais was brought in on a mattress, with his thigh broken by a bullet. Two other priests at risk of their limbs climbed the roof by a waterspout, and lay on the leads all the time the massacre went on below, listening to the agonizing cries of the defenceless victims. They remained in this position from five in the evening till seven the following morning ere they durst attempt to move.

The slaughter in the garden continued. When all was still, the assassins entered the church. An officer stopped them, and tried to reason with them. But his arguments had no effect. They rushed up to the choir. A man named Violette deliberately seated himself at a table with the prison-register. He called up the priests one by one, and then caused them to go through a passage where the crowd awaited them. As each one fell, the shout, "*Vive la nation!*" rang through the building. The name of Pierre Louis de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Saintes, was called, and the old man walked resolutely to his doom. He hoped that the wound which the Bishop of Beauvais, his brother, had received, would excite the pity of the crowd. But no sooner had they killed the Bishop of Saintes, than they cried out, "Where is the Bishop of Beauvais?"

"Here," replied the prelate. "I do not refuse to die like the rest, but you see I cannot walk. I beg you will have the charity to help me up, and carry me where you will."

They carried him to the staircase, and there killed him.

In less than two hours one hundred priests had been slain. The last victim was the Abbé Dubray. The blood-stained wretches, having accomplished their object, passed the night in drinking and singing in the church. About nine o'clock a slight noise was heard in one of the side-chapels. On searching, the Abbé Dubray was brought out. He had hid himself between two mattresses, but was compelled to move to get air. They killed him in front of the sanctuary with one blow of a sabre. So terminated this frightful day, of which we may well say:

"Excidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant
Sæcula!"

LEAH.

ONE star drops, glittering, where dusk meadows lie—
A jewel on the twilight's rosy hand.
Great peace is over all the dreamy land;
Clear loom the palms against the purple sky.

Faint gleam the mellow lamp-rays, falling there,
Through yonder tent's dim tapestries. I know
What mingled voices murmurously flow
Hither, across the quiet, dewy air!

For now no more the garments of his toil
Array him, but soft linens cool and white;
On cushioned purple doth he rest, in light
Of costly cressets fed with fragrant oil.

His regal, massive-bearded face that shows
Anger so sternly well, is wearing now
Love's tenderest smile; beneath his high, firm brow
Love's tenderest look, deep, dark, and lustrous, glows.

And all the grand-limbed majesty and power
Of his heroic stature fallen supine,
Even as the day's full gloriousness doth shine,
Beam-lavishing, upon some frail-stemmed flower.

So shines his peerless manhood upon her,
The woman whose dear, daily joy it is
To gird him with her beauteous arms, and kiss
The willing lips of her strong worshipper.

And I that hunger for his love with hot,
Unrestful soul, aloof, alone must dwell.
O Laban! O my father! was it well
To bind thy bondsman where his heart went not?

Better we were not wed! than sharpest scorn
Sharper his dull, cold courtesy doth sting,
Holding my wifehood as a worthless thing,
Forgetful of the children I have borne!

His children—his and mine! She, barren still,
That shapelier Rachel, winsome, golden-tressed,
Not having clasped his babe upon her breast,
Has never thrilled with love's divinest thrill!

FRENCH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

ONE of the provisions of *Magna Charta*, wrested by the barons from King John, provided for a general system of weights and measures. This was felt to be an absolute necessity; and, during this temporary outburst of popular indignation, the Crown promised the desired reform—only, however, to forget its obligation when the tumult of the populace should subside. Therefore, as the uproar died away, the subject of weights and measures was forgotten, in common with many other wants; and the standard measures, if made at all, were hopelessly lost. At all events, none were ever sent into the rural districts, where they were so much needed, and every thing went on as before, only growing worse and worse as time passed by, until, on the 14th of May, 1864, when Mr. Adderly, in the course of

the discussion in the House of Commons, reported that in his county there were no less than *thirty-six different kinds of bushels*, while he thought the county of Lancashire could boast of *double that number*.

When the people of America cut loose from the politics of the Old World, they repudiated many of the mixed and confused standards of weights, capacity, and length; and no section of the United States (outside of Fulton Market) can now rejoice in the possession of "thirty-six different kinds of bushels." Still, our condition as regards weights and measures is far from being enviable. For practical purposes we indeed need a reform, both in the departments alluded to, and in the mode of monetary calculation. Why, for instance, should a shilling be worth twelve and one-half cents in New York, while in Boston it rates at sixteen and two-thirds? Indeed, why should we have any shillings at all? Or, if we must have the shilling (which is a thing about as convenient as the aboriginal Manhattan *scampum*), why insist upon the above-noticed difference, and thus shock the Boston miss who is shopping at Stewart's by asking for muslin—say, the exorbitant sum of "three-and-threepence" a yard, or one-fourth more than she can buy it for at home?

Likewise, turning to the other department, why should we maintain a system which makes a pound at the "corner grocery" one thing, and a pound at the apothecary's quite another. So that the stupid John Muggins, forgetful, or totally ignorant of troy and avoirdupois, should go home dubiously balancing his respective "pound packages," and rowing internally that the pill-man who sold him coppers is less honest than the man who sold cheese? There can, of course, be but one answer to questions of this sort.

In truth, as already said, we need a reform. The Congress of the United States felt this when, recently, on the recommendation of a scientific society, it expressed an approval of the French metric system. Still, as a single swallow does not make a summer, this isolated vote of Congress does not create a system of weights and measures, or secure a universal system of monetary computation. Indeed, it is perhaps fortunate, on the whole, that the vote referred to carries only the force of a recommendation, since the French system possesses certain captivating features that render most persons blind to its defects.

I have spoken of it as the French system, and yet the best part of the system is not French, but rather American, and is as old as the time when men first began to count ten with the aid of the digits of their two hands. Besides, the French at one time seriously thought of taking twelve, and even sixteen, for the present purpose. The decimal system applied to our currency is, nevertheless, the most convenient thing to have, since it has the advantage in computation of ten times ten over nine times twelve; but when, in our fondness for foreign importations, it is proposed to take this French system in its integrity, it is time for publicists to discuss the question, and to institute a searching examination into its origin and defects.

Let scientific men, therefore, make no perfunctory work of its recommendation, but first look its difficulties squarely in the face—since it has its difficulties and inconvenience; and, if established by law in its integrity, would prove one of the greatest tribulations that we were ever called to bear. It may be a comfortable thing for the *savant*, but what if the small shopkeeper, who is principal, porter, and clerk, must be obliged to transmute his accounts in decaes, hectos, kilos, myrias, steres, litres, metres, millimetres, centimetres, and so on, *ad infinitum*? Thus, the Dutch child is sent to Hans for half a pint of ale, and Hans is obliged to rack his beer-be-muddled brain to understand that it amounts to "0.028 of a litre," and the price is "0.0666 of a franco-bungus."

Nor is this to be regarded as a piece of imagination; that is, if we are going to adopt the whole scheme for better or for worse, as some men take a doubtful bride. France has tried it for eighty years, and what is the position of things to-day? On this point let the encyclopædist testify:

"Augustus is said to have endeavored in vain to force a new Latin word into the language of ancient Rome. The French, on the other hand, after all their labors to recommend a uniform system of measures, have ended in such a complication, that, for the most simple purposes of practical mechanics and civil life, it is become usual to carry in the pocket a little ruler, in the form of a triangular prism: one of the sides containing the old-established lines and inches of the royal foot; a second, the millimetres, centimetres, and decimetres of the revolutionary school; and the third, the new ultra-royal combina-

tion of the Jacobin measure with the royal division, the inches consisting of the thirty-sixth part of a metre, or the four-millionth of a degree of the meridian of the earth."

But there is a *fundamental*, as well as a practical difficulty. We discover this in its measures of length. The system is defective in its unit of length.

The question as to what should constitute the standard unit has always been one of deep interest, but it is hedged about by practical difficulties of an almost insuperable character. An account of some of the many devices contrived to meet the question would form a curious chapter of itself; and yet the French philosophers of 1790 advanced boldly to the task, and gave, with all the confidence of inspiration, the famous *metre*, equivalent to 39.370 English, or 39.368 of American inches. This metre was pronounced to be one-tenth-millionth of a quadrant of the earth's surface; or, otherwise, one-tenth-millionth part of the distance between the equator and the pole.

Now, on this it is to be remarked, first, that Herschel's preference would seem the best, where he favors the *diameter* of the earth out of which to evolve the standard unit. If, therefore, the unit is to come from the earth at all, it will perhaps appear best in the end to derive it from what Herschel says, with so much truth, will always appear the most important, that is, the axis of dynamic labor. And when this is done with all the skill that the latest science can suggest, we find a unit in one five-hundred-millionth of the earth's axis of rotation, which amounts to exactly *one British inch*, twelve of which give us the standard foot.

But, in the second place, the French system, which takes an aliquot part of the earth's surface for the unit is really *too old*; otherwise, it has fallen behind the advanced science of the day, which is a fact about as well known to many of the advocates of the French system as it is to those inhabitants of India who still believe that the earth is held up by a turtle.

During the last eighty years the science of geodesy has made some advancement. By degrees we were taught that the earth was not *round*; and then came the truth that it was flattened like an orange at the poles. Finally, it dawned upon the astronomer that the earth was in shape *less like an orange than a pear*; or, otherwise, something like an orange that had been trodden upon. To use more respectful and scientific language in speaking of Mother Earth, we might say that she has the shape of "a rather irregular curvilinear triangle," with different *equatorial* axes, and different lengths of quadrants in different longitudes. Only eight years have elapsed since M. Schubert came before the Academy of St. Petersburg on the subject. In reality, the quadrant furnishes no invariable standard, and, consequently, no really scientific metre. And yet this invariable standard is what we must have at the foundation of a general system of length measures.

We see, from the above, that the French system is less scientific than it claims to be; and that it is, in some important respects, behind this busy, advancing age. But it will appear even *less* scientific, perhaps, when we critically seek its origin. Theological hatred had something to do in giving it a shape, if not in its original birth; for the same zeal which inspired the French Revolution, and devised the other parts of the metric system, abolished the Christian Sabbath, and put the *decades* in its stead.

Yet, perhaps, its demonstration against the British inch will prove as unprofitable as the crusade against the seventh day of rest. We are willing to count our stamps by the convenient decimal (for which we are under no obligation to the French), but it will be difficult to persuade us to give up the simple foot-rule for the jargon of the Parisian triangle. French philosophy has thus far only succeeded in putting the plain man out of the frying-pan into the fire; and hence let us pause a while before we ask the American Congress to make an Old-World metre the New World's law.

HORACE VERNET.

HORACE VERNET was one of the most extraordinary painters that ever lived. He was a living illustration of what Hazlitt understood as the qualifications necessary to success in life. His pictures surprise artists as pieces of cleverness and dexterity, and have won the admiration of the world. They are the delight of French soldiers, the boast of people who talk about common-sense, and prefer prose to poetry.

If we were called upon to give our personal impressions of so celebrated and striking a talent as Horace Vernet's, we should ask you to accept conclusions which do not correspond with the popularity of so famous a painter, and which would seem like a depreciation of his rank in the world. But we are to report what most people have found in Horace Vernet. What they found in him was based on two qualities that are conceded by the most exacting as distinguishing him among his contemporaries—these two qualities were certainty and action. He had a marvellous executive talent, a positive, untroubled mind, the vanity of the typical Frenchman, the generous and boasting disposition, the readiness and audacity, and versatility and vitality of his race. He is the most illustrious of a family which, for three generations back, gave admirable or clever painters to France.

HORACE VERNET was born at Paris on the 30th of June, 1789. His education—education as understood by many people—was neglected, and as a child he was abandoned to his natural tendencies; crayons and brushes were his first toys, and he made drawing, anatomy, and perspective, his chief study. At the age of thirteen he was so clever with his pencil that he was able to support himself. Before he was twenty he became connected with an illustrated paper, and developed a talent for caricature. He wished to enter the French army, and his father gave him a wife to keep him from his purpose. At twenty, with one hundred dollars for his sole fortune, he was married.

In 1809, he exhibited his first picture, and from that time until his death he executed, with a rapidity which astonished so many people, the works which are widely known as a part of the glory of France, and which have made him the master battle-painter of the world. He was honored with medals and decorations by all the crowned heads of Europe. If visitors to his studio wished to see these royal favors, he would tell his valet to bring the box which contained them, tumble them out on the table, a dazzling and glittering heap. "Here," he would say, "is a pile of parchments, ribboned and sealed, which confer a crowd of privileges that I have forgotten!"

Horace Vernet said he "was born and had lived under a happy star. Married at twenty, my whole fortune was but one hundred dollars. I commenced with drawings, and I have ended with pictures that have given me millions of francs, which have gone out of my hands, but where I cannot tell."

Horace Vernet was a little man, with the face of a soldier. His body looked frail, and yet it served him well in his campaigns. But he was not feminine in any respect. Nothing affected his body, nor troubled his mind. He was an indefatigable and wiry man. He saw and passed through every thing untouched. He came from the East unaffected as an agate; from Russia like a piece of steel—climate and disease seemed to have no hold upon him. He was like a Mephistopheles in the world of Art and Nature. He understood every thing; he carried the form of things in his mind's eye; he left the bloom and the charm, because it had never penetrated his being. It is said he could be any character of the active world; that he was a buffoon, an officer of the French army, a diplomat, a boasting gallant, a companion of kings. He would tell stories to the despair of Paul de Kock, and he believed his memoirs would show more of *esprit*, if less of *style*, than Chateaubriand's. He was a skeptical, illiterate, talkative, irrepressible man of the world. His French is said to have been strange, raw, animated, and jocose. Like Rubens, he was made ambassador, and intrusted with public affairs, and he lived like a prince. He had a way of setting people at ease; and of making friends, and changing them, with as little compunction as he would change his clothes.

His pictures are of all sizes, and Rubens alone presents an example of equal facility and rapidity of design. He has been compared with certain modern journalists, who have promptitude and prolixity, but no ideas, and no charm of expression. His merits are these: an admirable and spirited draughtsman, inexhaustible invention, an eye that never lets any thing salient or characteristic escape it. He rendered costume and action and character with positive and vigorous effect. Among his most famous pictures, we mention the following: "Judith and Holofernes," "Abraham and Hagar," "Raphael and Michael Angelo at the Vatican," and the "Battle of the Smala," at Versailles. He was so popular, so close to the French taste, that, when Algiers was occupied by the French troops, a whole gallery was set apart at Versailles to commemorate the achievements of the army; and Vernet, besides painting the taking of the Smala, the largest canvas in the world, painted a number of smaller pictures

illustrative of the war. He was offered the peerage by Louis Philippe, and declined it.

Horace Vernet belonged to the second class of great painters. A man of cold intellect, devoid of the poetic sense, apparently unmoved by the mystery, and ignorant of the subtlety of things, he lived to celebrate the military glory of France.

The subjects treated by Horace Vernet, the colossal scale on which he painted, were sufficient to appeal to the most assailable and common tastes of a people. A love for military glory, for the magnificence of action when allied with all the trappings and material of war, is the most universal subject of interest to the world. He had his troubles, but he never cried over them. When, in 1822, the government refused to admit his works to the Louvre on account of their "seditious tendency," he made an exhibition-room of his studio, had his works catalogued, and invited the public to look at his battles, hunts, landscapes, and portraits.

In 1826 he was made a member of the Institute, and in 1830 was appointed to succeed Gumi as director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Rome. He died several years ago, and his reputation has declined, but he is sure of immortality, for the reason that he was a representative man, the creator of a school, and an agent in delivering art from the classical tradition which made the strength and weakness of the French school of painting up to his time.

TABLE-TALK.

THE indecent attempts of certain French comic papers to make capital out of the killing of Noir by Pierre Bonaparte has called forth no little indignation from some of our contemporaries. "To make jokes on such a tragedy," says the *Graphic*, "is to trifle with the profoundest emotion of which human nature is capable, and to undermine the whole fabric of social morals." Public opinion neither in England nor America will tolerate wretched witticisms on murder or other calamities of life as yet, but the spirit which actuated the Parisian jests upon the Auteuil tragedy is not entirely dormant in either country. "Nobody," says the *Graphic*, "can observe the peculiar mania for stage-burlesque without seeing that the line which ought to mark off certain subjects as forbidden to the joke-maker is not seldom unscrupulously crossed. The habit of making one's living by turning into a jest every sort of human interest which can yield material for a laugh is utterly perilous and pernicious. There is neither prudishness nor squeamishness in protesting against the habit altogether. The taste for uncontrolled burlesque is as fatal to the cultivation of true wit and humor as it is debasing to the morals and intellect. It is one of the laziest and the lowest of accomplishments to take what is great, good, or tragic, and pervert it into an idiotic caricature. Any fool can burlesque what is terrible, or sacred, or profound; just as any fool can enjoy the monstrosities which pass for humor and vivacity in not a few of the London theatres. A good burlesque—that is, a witty travesty on a subject which itself borders on the ridiculous—is a far harder thing to write, and is, for the time, a very pleasant piece of fooling. But these shameless scoffings at things which the scoffers are too ignorant or too coarse to understand, are an altogether different affair. And we need have no hesitation in expressing a conviction that they are degrading at once to those who manufacture them and to those who delight in reading them or in witnessing them. As a rule, it may be taken for granted that all grave realities are unfit for burlesquing. . . . Would a travesty of 'Hamlet' or of 'King Lear' be endurable to an Englishman or Englishwoman of refinement and cultivation? To a person thoroughly disgusted at seeing those terrible tragedies exhibited in a series of idiotic buffoneries, what justification would it be to tell him that such men as Hamlet and Ophelia, and Lear and Cordelia, never existed? To us they have a real existence of their own, because they are associated with a sense of all that is sweet and pathetic and tender, and awful, in the intense reality of human life itself." The success just now in New York of a burlesque on "Hamlet" renders these comments from the *Graphic* specially pertinent. Burlesques on grave subjects are not only in atrocious taste, but in almost all cases they signify fail to be humorous. In a somewhat long observation, we can safely say that we never saw a burlesque on a Shakespearian or other tragedy that was not insufferably stupid. One is not only startled, in a burlesque on "Hamlet," at hearing Hamlet's meditations on death con-

verted into ribaldry, or at seeing the grave-scene changed to mockery and antic, but the travesty is always and inevitably the sorriest imbecility in the world, and only very barren spectators can be set on to laugh at the folly. The ancient mythology affords the best subjects for stage-burlesques; in fact, it is pretty nearly the only source that has supplied burlesques of permanent reputation, such as Planche's "Olympic Revels" and "Olympic Devils."

— We gave, two weeks since, a view and description of Mr. Stewart's "trade-palace," the proportions and beauty of which are unexcelled. We say "beauty" advisedly, because, while the exterior has little claim to admiration beyond magnitude, the interior, especially under the great dome, is really very striking and beautiful. But there are several other trade-palaces now erecting in New York, which, when completed, will give us a number of very noticeable "stately shops." Architecture may not be with us improving in design, but it certainly is in dignity. Three recent structures down town—one at the corner of Cedar Street, for the Equitable Life Insurance Company; one known as, the Park-Bank Building, opposite St. Paul's; and the third at the corner of Leonard Street, for the New York Life Insurance Company—are quite beyond anything previously erected in our city for business purposes; while Booth's new theatre on Twenty-third Street, the Grand Opera-House on the Eighth Avenue, and the Young Men's Christian Association Building, are vastly superior to such ill-looking piles as the Academy of Music and Irving Hall. Of the new "stately shops" referred to, particular mention may be made of Tiffany & Co.'s and Decker Brothers' new buildings, on Union Square, and Lord & Taylor's, on Broadway, at the corner of Twentieth Street. Tiffany's and Lord & Taylor's are of iron—and this is a great error in taste—but they will have imposing proportions, be elaborate in design, and will certainly give a most sumptuous housing to their costly wares. Lord & Taylor's will be constructed particularly with a view to display, with broad, spacious entrances, and lofty show-windows. It stands a full half-mile farther up-town than Stewart's, and one block above Arnold, Constable & Co.'s extensive white-marble structure, erected last year. We must not pass over, in our mention of new fine warehouses, the new Methodist-Book-Concern building, on Broadway, at the corner of Eleventh Street, the long stretch of which down the latter street presents so fine a façade. But, of all our new buildings, the handsomest is the one on Union Square for Decker Brothers' piano warehouses. This building, though not large, is in a new direction in street-architecture, and we may well hope to see its example followed. It is of Ohio freestone and brick, in the style known as the ornamental Gothic, and, with the contrasts of tints in the material, and its quaint windows, makes a most picturesque effect. One is so weary of brownstone, sandstone, white marble, and painted iron, in our architecture, that a front like this, so full of light and shadow, so mellow and rich in tone, so fresh and pleasing in design, is a very agreeable revelation. What a superb quarter of the city Union Square would be, if fronted with buildings as inspiring as this!

— The "Woman's Educational Association" is an attempt, organized by Miss Catharine E. Beecher, in opposition to the "Woman's Suffrage" movement, to secure to women a practical and scientific education that will enable them to fulfil the duties of the household. This is admirable. That women need facilities for a better industrial training, there can be no doubt; but we find in this very movement the assertion that every State should have its woman's university. The almost certain result of universities for women would be a competition between them and the existing colleges in classical or literary accomplishments, and hence in a little while their end would cease to be practical education. Even in our high-schools we find literary culture the paramount aim, and the State putting itself at great expense and infinite pains to unfit its citizens for the practical duties of life. The tendencies of universities will inevitably be to create the fastidious literary mind—a culture suitable enough under proper conditions, but which the public welfare can have no interest in encouraging. What the great body of young women need is not universities, but industrial schools. At our high-schools young ladies are taught in the classics, in modern languages, in literary criticism, and in the higher mathematics, all at the public expense, while practical arts are industriously neglected. There can be no doubt that some great reform is needed in our public education, both for boys and girls; and the general ideas advanced by the "Educational Association" are excellent.

provided the association will not seek to establish universities, and will be content in the less ambitious purpose of establishing schools for industrial ends pure and simple—to make women learned in the arts of the household, in economy, in the rearing of children, etc. This sort of education by no means precludes accomplishments; but accomplishments should come by the exertion, choice, and desire of the individual—as a result of personal rather than organized effort.

—A benighted and hardened individual writes to a London paper urging that the violin should be taught to boys as the piano-forte is to girls. In the name of peace, what would the fellow have? Would he add to the ceaseless and tormenting drum of the piano the maddening screech of the violin? Would he establish in all our streets a frightful pandemonium? Ponder upon it, already-distracted neighbor! As it is, you must listen to the piano-forte under the fingers of the young ladies to the right of you and to the left of you, to the rear of you and in front of you; you must hear at all untimely hours the tireless grinding of the hand-organs; and now it is deliberately proposed to set at work in houses and streets, in your own chambers and in your neighbor's chambers, every wild, irrepressible, mischief-making boy at the ear-piercing violin. And then the individual referred to is not content with this. He would have the girls, too, practise this stringed instrument. "What a blessing," he says, "it would be in families where there are several daughters destined to learn music, if one might escape the eternal piano-forte and take to the violin!" Why not to the clarinet, or the trombone, or the flute, or the bassoon, or the bugle, or cymbals, or the horn? Why not have a small orchestra in every family of half a dozen, and drive the world mad at once? We certainly hope that the boys of the present generation, at least, will stick to their tops, their kites, their balls, and have mercy upon mankind by letting the violin alone.

—We have received from the Director of the Engraving Class at the Woman's School of Design, Cooper Union, a note in contradiction of a statement quoted by us from a city journal, to the effect that the attempt to instruct women in engraving had been a failure. The note is as follows:

"SIR: Your JOURNAL of March 19th quotes from the *Times* a statement, apparently on my authority, to the effect that the Cooper-Union School of Engraving on Wood is about to be abandoned as a failure. You have missed, however, my letter to the *Times* contradicting this statement. Allow me, in justice to the school and to myself, to repeat the contradiction: 'The Engraving Class of the Cooper Union continues in operation; and for whatever it may fall short of success I am disposed to blame my own insufficient teaching rather than any deficiencies of my pupils, whose docility and close attention to work have been of the most encouraging character. I am not aware of any intention to give up the school.' Let me correct, also, your own remark that 'the twelve or fifteen years' effort in the Woman's School of Design has produced no good female designers on wood.' Though our engraving may not be equal to that of the first masters, yet on this special question of design I am prepared to challenge comparison with the work of men, and, if called upon to give the palm for figure-designing on wood, should place at least two of the pupils of the Cooper Union—Miss Curtis and Miss Halleck—above any male designers of their own age and academical standing. I do not enter into the question of the equality of men and women as workers; but I feel bound to state the facts that our engraving-school is not a failure, and that in the department of drawing we may claim a decided success.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"W. J. LINTON,

"Director of the Engraving Class.

"COOPER UNION, March 23, 1870."

There is something, after all, uncertain in the accomplishments of ladies whose performances rank above those "of any male designers of their own age and academical standing." But, with every readiness to appreciate and to employ talent in the direction indicated, we should be glad of an opportunity to see some of the designs of the ladies referred to.

—The late venerable Gulian C. Verplanck was, one evening, many years ago, before the days of the Hudson River Railroad, on board one of the night-boats, in company with his friends, General Winfield Scott and William Wilson, the Scotch bookseller of Poughkeepsie. At the supper-table quite a spirited discussion took place, between the general and Wilson, respecting the habits of Americans, whose manners were nowhere seen under more unfavorable aspects than on board the Hudson-River steamboats, where passengers would

rush to the supper-table like so many famished wolves. The discussion was brought to a close by Wilson, who, pointing to a lean, hungry fellow at the other end of the table, who was rapidly clearing off every thing within his reach, exclaimed, in a triumphant manner: "Now, sir, in all Scotland you could not find such an ill-mannered, greedy fellow as that cadaverous, raw-boned Yankee yonder!" The words were scarcely out of Wilson's mouth when, clear and distinct above the clatter of the crockery, rose the voice of the greedy passenger, saying, in broad Scotch: "Waiter, hae ye ony more fash?" (fish). The roar of laughter which followed settled the question. Wilson had nothing more to say on the subject.

—The poem in our last number, "Woman's Voice," should have been credited to EDWIN ARNOLD. The omission to do so was accidental.

Art, Music, and the Drama.

TWO new plays by Boucicault, recently produced in London, proved a disappointment, as neither of them was actually new. "A Dark Night's Work" was a renovated version of Mr. Boucicault's twenty-year adaptation of Scribe's "Giralda;" and "Paul Lafarge" was derived from a French play which formed the basis of a drama by Mr. Watts Phillips, known as "Camilla's Husband." "Thanks," says the *Graphic*, "to the excellent custom lately introduced of proclaiming the strong points of every new play in the advertising-columns of the daily papers, it is now less incumbent upon the critic than it formerly was to attend the actual representation. As to 'A Dark Night's Work,' for instance, we are assured by public advertisement that it includes 'three acts of unremitting excitement and laughter,' and, further, that it is 'the latest and most successful of Mr. Boucicault's works.' The second new work from Mr. Boucicault's ever-pointed pen is called 'Paul Lafarge; or, Self-made,' and, if a candid opinion in regard to this production be required, we have again only to turn to the theatrical advertisements, which declare it to be 'a legitimate work,' which inform us that it is 'received with enthusiasm,' and which point in particular to 'powerful situations' and 'eloquent developments' as its characteristic merits."

A late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains an article headed "La Vierge de Pérouse," in which a long and detailed account is given of the Madonna of Perugia—the early work of Raphael, now on view in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris. An exception would appear in this instance to have been made to the rule generally observed with reference to the purchase of works of art for the imperial museums. Instead of being at once bought on the responsibility of the authorities, the work is set up in the Louvre for approval, as it were, and, if the verdict of the public be favorable to its acquisition, it will, in all probability, be purchased by the French Government. The article in the *Revue* strongly urges the claim of the picture to a place in the national collection of France, and as strongly deprecates any reluctance on the part of the government to give a high price for it; lukewarmness in bidding for it would, the writer conceives, infallibly have the effect of throwing the picture into the hands of the English Government. The pedigree of the picture is complete and genuine. It was painted for the convent of St. Antonio of Padua, at Perugia. Thence, in the year 1678, it passed into the hands of the Colonna family, where it remained until 1802, when it became the property of the royal family of Naples; since 1860 it has belonged to M. Bermudez de Castro.

We are told of a large painting, now creating a sensation in Paris, of which Mr. Yvon, a Russian, is the painter, and Mr. A. T. Stewart, of this city, the owner. It is an allegorical picture, and is called the "United States of America." The thirty-four States are represented by figures drawn in a chariot by lions, and they are grouped round two other figures in the centre, Republic and Wisdom. The past is represented to the right and in the distance by hideous gibbets; in the foreground are seen the dead who have worked for good and great things, bursting from their tombs and triumphant. To the left the sun rises over a sea covered with ships, whence land immigrants with their families, while, above all, celestial heralds fly to the four quarters of the world, proclaiming the glory of the United States. Peace, labor, and the abolition of slavery, are also portrayed, and a statue of Washington above these groups stands out in a brilliant apotheosis. All of which might well create a "sensation in Paris," or anywhere else.

Mr. Richard Grant White gave, in the last number of the *Galaxy*, an entertaining and instructive analysis of the story and character of Hamlet, but in which he asserted that the Danish prince was twenty years old when his father died, and thirty when he killed his uncle, having spent ten years in his irresolute debates. This surprising statement

is at once refuted by the fact that Ophelia, on the night of the play-scene, speaks of the elder Hamlet's death as having occurred four months before. That night Hamlet killed Polonius; the next day he was sent to England; when "two days old at sea," he was transferred by accident to the deck of a pirate-ship, and, coming home, arrives the very day of Ophelia's funeral, her death occurring while insane at her father's recent loss. What Mr. White would extend over ten years did not reach as many months.

Lord Lytton, in a refusal to have his rhymed comedy of "Walpole" produced on the stage, asserted that the poem is of a kind without a previous example in the English language. To this a correspondent of a London paper replies as follows: "The notes of Southey on his excellent 'Life of Cowper' remind us that Dodsley's 'Old Plays' include comedies as well as tragedies in rhyme. What is nearer to the present purpose is, that Hayley wrote a comedy—I think comedies—in rhyme, one of which was produced by Colman at the Haymarket Theatre, with some success. Hayley's plays were published, and the jingle of his rhymed comedy has remained in my ear during the years which have elapsed since I read them. If I mistake not, one was called 'The Connoisseur.' In this, during the explanation of the plot, these lines occur:

'Poor Bijou, in a fit of amorous hunger,
Has married an old curiosity-monger.'

Another jingle recurs from another of Hayley's rhymed comedies:

'... Sometimes on the road
My dear Mr. Rumble composes an ode.'

'There is nothing new under the sun,' said some one in George Selwyn's hearing. 'No,' was the wit's answer; 'nor under the grandson.'

In the production of "Macbeth" at Booth's Theatre, the ghost of Banquo is only imagined, and not introduced according to the time-honored custom. The idea seems to us a good one; the ghost, it will be remembered, is seen by Macbeth only; it is evidently an illusion of his excited mind, which this mode of rendering at Booth's well carries out. Mr. Booth does not seem to please so well in other Shakespearean characters as in Hamlet; but his Macbeth is, in many particulars, a very effective performance. If the burly, personal strength of a rude age is not fully realized, the actor succeeds in giving notable force to the character, in despite his juvenile figure. Like other of Mr. Booth's performances, it is uneven; but the actor always rises to the great situations.

"The effect of gilding all the decorative statues of sovereigns in the Royal Gallery at Westminster," says the *Athenaeum*, "a costly work, which has been executed within the past few months, is so far satisfactory that the brilliant white of the marble figures no longer interferes with the coloring of Mr. Maclise's pictures on the walls, and is splendid where all is superlatively gorgeous. At present, notwithstanding the use of gold somewhat dimmed in its brilliancy, the statues look rather hard and metallic; but—as few things of the sort approach old gilding in richness and sobriety of color—if the persons in charge can be persuaded to let time take effect on the figures, the result will certainly be a glorious treat to lovers of color in the coming generation."

A Paris correspondent of the *Home Journal* says: "Last evening we heard Mlle. Nilsson as Ophelia in the opera of 'Hamlet.' She has a very beautiful voice, brilliant, and cold as ice. She is not at all sympathetic, and entirely lacks that fire and abandon which is one of Patti's greatest charms. As to the Nilsson's personal appearance, she is tall and fair; but you think her less beautiful at last than first sight, for the same coldness pervades her person that characterizes her voice, and makes the music seem to come only from her mouth, instead of bursting from a 'soul' of song."

Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., has made another successful appearance at the old theatre at Richmond, in the character of Toby Heywood, in Douglas Jerrold's comedy of the "Rent Day." There is, by-the-way, says the *Graphic*, no truth in the report that Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., intends to adopt the stage as a profession. At the Richmond Theatre he has performed as one of a company of amateurs, strengthened only by a few professional ladies.

There has been collected at the India Museum, London, a fine series of those exquisite and gorgeously-decorated fabrics which show that, almost alone in modern times, the weavers and embroiderers of India retain that gift of artistic taste which their ancestors possessed so many centuries ago. They suffice to prove how much we might learn from these forms of design, and that we should do well if we studied the system which has produced such results.

"Chorch-choirs in this city," says the *Evening Post*, "will, in May next, suffer the usual variety of changes. Already pertinacious sopranos are busily engaged in seeking engagements, while music com-

mittees are trying to find that *rara avis*, a first-class tenor. In several prominent up-town churches, where quartet-choirs—excellent ones, too—have been in vogue, the boy-choir system will be adopted."

Six unedited compositions of Haydn, which were discovered by chance in a convent near Biberach, are about to be published at Munich. They are written for four voices, and their authenticity cannot be doubted.

Beautiful examples of photography in permanent pigments are given in the first number of the *Photographic Art Journal* just issued in London.

Scientific Notes.

DR. B. A. GOULD, of Cambridge, Mass., lately gave a lecture in New York on the constitution of the sun, from the report of which we take the following passages:

"It was once thought that an exterior shell, surrounding the true body of the sun, was the source of his light and heat, and that within this shell was a comparatively cool, dark body, which might possibly be inhabited by beings not very unlike ourselves. Now that we know the case to be otherwise, and that the interior of the sun must be at a temperature surpassing that of the fiercest fires which can be produced by human art, the question of habitability loses its significance, except perhaps from a theological point of view. . . .

"The nucleus, although we speak of it as black, and although it appears intensely so in contrast with the glowing radiance of the surrounding portions, is in itself by no means devoid of brightness. It has been well said by Winnecke, that were the light of the whole sun to be extinguished, excepting the portion radiating from the nucleus of a spot, our eyes would scarcely be able to endure the dazzling beams. Herschel's estimate has generally been considered too low, yet it would give the dark nucleus of a spot a luminous intensity nearly two thousand five hundred times greater than that of the full moon."

The idea that the sun is a burning mass is also, it seems, held to be without foundation:

"The sources of the light and heat of the sun—the only two of his marvellous properties apparent to the ordinary observer—are problems of the greatest difficulty. I will only say here that the most vivid light developed by human art, when interposed between the eye and the sun, appears like a black spot upon the solar disk. The highest temperature yet produced by man is that evolved by the combustion of charcoal in oxygen, which Bunsen estimates at ten thousand degrees C., or eighteen thousand degrees F.; and this is about five-sevenths of the lowest reasonable estimate for the temperature of the solar surface. Coal burning at the rate of one pound to the square foot in about two seconds would attain this temperature, and Rankine has estimated that in the furnaces of powerful locomotive-engines, a pound of coal to each square foot of grate-surface is consumed in from thirty to ninety seconds, yielding a heat from one-fifteenth to one-forty-fifth as intense as that at the surface of the sun."

"Adopting this estimate that a heat equal to that emitted by the sun might be attained by the combustion of coal at this rate of one-half pound per second to the square foot, it is easy to find how long the whole mass of the sun would last, were it composed of coal burning at that rate, and furnished moreover with an unlimited supply of oxygen to support the combustion. Performing the calculation, we find that the entire sun would be consumed in a little more than four thousand years, that is, within a period no longer than that over which human history extends."

From this it follows that there need be no fear that the sun will ever cease to give out light and heat:

"The great fact, to which I have more than once alluded, that the sun is practically our only source of earthly power and energy, gives a peculiar interest to the question whether his brilliancy and thermal energy are undergoing any perceptible diminution. That they are diminishing we must assume on general principles, inasmuch as we know to what an inconceivable extent he is radiating force in the various forms of heat, light, and chemical power, and force once emitted from a source of such superior energy is not returned to it again, while a new creation of force by natural agencies is just as impossible as a new creation of matter. But whether any diminution of radiant energy in consequence of the enormous expenditure is perceptible by our means of investigation is a most natural and important question, and to this it must be answered that no appreciable decrease has been detected."

But the point of most interest is that which shows how scientific men are gradually coming to the conclusion that there is some interior source of power in the sun not yet discovered.

"The facts being now manifest that the forces radiating from the sun cannot be due to combustion, inasmuch as this would be inadequate

to afford the supply; and yet, that they must be in process of continuous development from sources in which it previously existed in some other forms than as heat and light, since some amount of cooling and fading would otherwise inevitably be within the range of our detective powers, there remains but one explanation open to us out of all those which science can at present suggest. This is that the light and heat are the results of mechanical action, and that forces which were previously engaged in producing motion are, by the arrest of that motion, made to appear in this new form, just as iron grows hot under the blows of a hammer, or an axle takes fire in consequence of friction. From this inference there seems indeed no escape: but what is the motion which is thus converted? And where are the moving bodies which are endowed with such mighty force, and are encountering such enormous resistance as to evoke the tremendous radiance of the sun from a previous momentum adequate to produce it?"

Literary Notes.

THE new novel "Red as a Rose is She" has been seized upon by the English and American critics with vast zeal, its salient qualities affording excellent material for the critical scalpel. Its vigor of emotion and boldness of expression have mightily offended some critics, and the author is discovered to be guilty of a great number of improprieties, principally in letting her characters talk and act with something like the vivid force of real life. But "Jane Eyre" aroused the ire of certain critics to a greater degree than "Red as a Rose," just as all books will in which passion is something more than rose-tint sentiment, or decorous and conventional propriety. The author of "Red as a Rose," meanwhile, is growing daily in popularity, and not a few critics recognize the brilliancy and vigor of her books. The *Graphic* says justly: "Its great merit on the whole, its remarkable promise, and above all its bright and charming style, entitle the authoress to cordial congratulations. The dialogue and description, in the first volume more especially, are so sparkling and witty, that they might have been the work of an accomplished French novelist, and all the people introduced have a clear individuality of their own. The peculiar merits of 'Red as a Rose,' therefore, are of a nature which are likely to be reproduced in future works by the same writer, and as her taste and judgment mature, we may fairly expect that her coming successes will be still more decisive even than that which she has just now so deservedly obtained."

We have received from Carlton & Lanahan (Methodist Book House) several new volumes of interest. The first is "Topics for Teachers; a Manual for Ministers, Bible-class Leaders, and Sunday-school Teachers; vol. II.—Art—Religion. By James Cooper Gray." The second is "Sermons by A. Miller Hamilton, D. D. LL. D., author of 'The Doctrines of Rewards and Punishment,' 'Pastoral Appeals,' etc. Dr. Hamilton was a distinguished English divine, whose sermons were marked by strong thoughts, and varied and beautiful illustrations. The style is often florid, but there is exhibited singular fertility of imagination. 'The Principles of a System of Philosophy' is 'designed to justify the divine administration on the principle that even divine power cannot be expected to perform contradictions.' 'The Young Shetlander,' 'Home Life,' and the 'Popular Library of History,' are designed for young readers. The 'Library of History' is a series of four volumes, containing 'Stories of Old England,' 'History of the Crusades,' 'The Hero of Brittany,' and 'Count Ulrich of Lindburg.'

"Rome and Italy at the opening of the Ecumenical Council, depicted in Twelve Letters written from Rome to a gentleman in America, by Edward de Pressensé, D. D., Pastor of the Evangelical Church in Paris. Translated by George Prentice, A. M." is issued in this country in advance of its publication in Europe, affording the American reader, therefore, the first view, "by the author's artistic hand, of the varied scenes through which he passes." Pressensé is well known as the "leader of the conservative-progressive branch of French Protestantism," as well as by a "Life of Christ," and several other religious works. The letters in this volume afford not only an intelligent, graphic, and capable view of the great religious conflict now going on in Italy, but give the author's "lively, spontaneous expressions of his impressions concerning this land of Italy." We know of no volume calculated to throw a better light on things in Rome as they are to-day, while the style of the book is as entertaining as its matter is instructive. Published by Carlton & Lanahan.

The Rev. Dr. Cowles, author of commentaries on Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Jeremiah, and the minor prophets of the Old Testament, has just issued a companion volume called "Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Poetical." Dr. Cowles's former works have been well received, and the present contribution to the series will scarcely enjoy less popularity than its predecessors.

sors. "Animated," says the author, in the preface, "by the hope of rendering some aid to the student of these divine oracles, I have endeavored first to gain the precise significance of every verse, and then to present it in a form at once simple, lucid, and forcible."

The second volume of Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," said by Lord Macaulay to be "far superior to any other work of the kind in our language," will be issued in April, and the third and concluding volume in December. The two will contain about twenty-four hundred pages, and the complete work will be, in typographical bulk, equal to forty-three volumes of Bancroft's or Prescott's histories.

Prof. De Morgan says of the German language, that it has seven deadly sins of excess: 1. Too many volumes in the language; 2. Too many sentences in a volume; 3. Too many words in a sentence; 4. Too many syllables in a word; 5. Too many letters in a syllable; 6. Too many strokes in a letter; 7. Too much black in a stroke.

Prof. Schmidt's "Pictures of the French Revolution," drawn from the inedited papers of the Secret Police of Paris, is now publishing at Leipsic. Two volumes have already appeared, and they present the life of the French capital from day to day in a most striking series of pictures.

Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary, now publishing in parts, has reached its fourth number. This works seems to be very thorough and exhaustive in the field it attempts to fill, and is gotten up in very good style.

Miscellany.

Pet Monkeys.

WE quote from Professor Frank Buckland's "Animal World" the following account of two of his household pets:

"I have two monkeys, of whom I am exceedingly fond. Their names are the 'Hag' and 'Tiny.' The Hag's original name was 'Fanny,' but she has so much of the character of a disagreeable old woman about her that I call her the 'Hag.' Tiny is a very little monkey indeed, not much bigger than a large rat. My friend Bartlett brought her to me from the Zoological Gardens as a dead monkey; she was 'as good as dead'—a perfect skeleton, and with but little hair on her. She arrived tied up in an old canvas bag. I put her into the Hag's cage. The old lady at once 'took to her,' and instantly began the office of nurse; she cuddled up poor Tiny in her arms, made faces, and showed her teeth at anybody who attempted to touch her. Tiny had port-wine negus, quinine wine, beef-tea, egg and milk—in fact, anything she could eat; and the Hag always allowed her to have 'first pull' at whatever was put into the cage. In time Tiny stood up, then began to run, her hair all came again, and she is now one of the most wicked, intelligent, pretty little beasts that ever committed an act of theft. Steal? Why, her whole life is devoted to stealing, for the pure love of the thing.

"The moment I come down to breakfast I let out the monkeys. I keep a box of sardines specially for the Hag, who immediately helps herself, and sits on the table grunting with pleasure as she licks her oily fingers. The moment Tiny is let loose she steals whatever is on the table, and it is great fun to see her snatch off the red herring from the plate and run off with it to the top of the book-shelves. While I am getting down my herring, Tiny goes to the breakfast-table again, and, if she can, steals the egg; this she tucks under her arm and bolts away, running on her hind-legs. This young lady has of late been rather shy of eggs, as she once stole one that was quite hot, and burned herself. She cried out, and the Hag left off eating sardines, shook her tail violently, and opened her mouth at me, as much as to say, 'You dare hurt my Tiny!' If I keep too sharp a lookout upon Miss Tiny, she will run like a rabbit across the table, and upset what she can. She generally tries the sugar first, as she can then steal a bit, or she will just put her hand on the milk-jug and pull it over. If she cannot get at the sugar-basin or milk-jug, she will kick at them with her hind-legs, just like a horse, and knock them over as she passes.

"Tiny and the Hag sometimes go out stealing together. They climb up my coat and search all the pockets. I generally carry a great many cedar-pencils; the monkeys take these out and bite off the cut ends; but the great treat is to pick and pick at the door of a glass cupboard till it is open, then to get in and drink the hair-oil, which they know is there. Any new thing that arrives they must examine, and when a hamper comes I let the monkeys unpack it, especially if I know it contains game. They pull out the straw a bit at a time, peep under the paper, run off crying, in their own language, 'Look out, there's something alive in the basket!'

"The performance generally ends by their upsetting the basket, and, if they turn out a hare, they both set to work and 'look snas' in the

hare's fur. I once received a snake in a basket, and I let the monkeys unpack it; they have a mortal horror of a snake. When they found out the contents of the hamper, they were off in double-quick time, crying 'Murder! thieves!' and it was a long time before they would come down from behind the casts of salmon on the top of the book-shelves.

"There is no trouble to catch the monkeys. I have only to open the door of the cage, and say, 'Cage, cage! go into your cage! quick march!' and they go in instantly, like the good beasts they really are. The parrot has caught up these words, and, when the monkeys are running about, often cries out 'Cage, cage! go into your cage!' but the little wretches do not care for old Poll. They sometimes attack her. Tiny steals her seed, and, while she is pecking at the little thing, the Hag will pull her tail from behind. Luckily, the monkeys are afraid of a stuffed Australian animal that hangs in my room. When I have any specimens or bottles that I do not want the monkeys to touch, I simply set down the 'bogies' to act as sentry, as I know the monkeys will not come near it.

"Tiny is very attentive to the Hag, and cries bitterly if she is taken from her. She takes great liberties with her—climbing up by means of her tail when it hangs down in a convenient, rope-like manner. She also takes much of the products of her thieving to the Hag's cage when she is shut up, and pokes papers through the bars of the cage. These the old thing tears up into shreds to pass away time.

"Although my monkeys do considerable mischief, yet I let them do it. I am amply rewarded by their funny and affectionate ways. If any of my readers have monkeys, and want to get them tame, they should give them the run of the room, and let them out at meal-times to eat and pick what they like. Summer and winter they should wear green-baize jackets."

Yarkand, Tartary.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, London, Mr. R. B. Shaw read a paper on "A Visit to Yarkand and Kashgar." Tartary contains cities of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, where many of the arts of civilization are carried on. Security of life and property exists, the roads are full of life and movement, and in the towns are extensive bazaars, containing rows of shops, where goods of every kind and from every country are exhibited. In Yarkand there are sixty colleges, with endowments of land, for the education of students of Mussulman law and divinity, while every street contains a primary school attached to a mosque. The Ataligh Ghazee, under his former title of Yakob Beg, wrested this flourishing country from the Chinese, five or six years ago; but the blow to Chinese domination was struck by the Tooras, a family claiming descent from Zinghis Khan, who had formerly been dispossessed by the Chinese. These, assisted by a force of Andjanis from Khokan, who were led by Yakob Beg, expelled or destroyed the Chinese garrisons in 1864. The Andjanis occupy the chief places in the administration, and form the strength of the army; but their attitude toward the native Yarkandis is very conciliatory, and they are looked upon, not as conquerors, but as brothers in faith and blood, who have delivered them from the yoke of idolaters. The Yarkandis are addicted to commerce, while the Usbees of Andjan find their most congenial occupation in administration and arms. Both peoples speak the same language, which is essentially that of the Turks. Yakob Beg impressed Mr. Shaw as a man of remarkable intelligence and energy. He is about forty-five years of age, short and stout, with a very broad forehead. He bade him welcome as the first Englishman that had ever been in his country, and said God had put it into his heart to accept this arrival as a favorable omen to himself. In all subsequent interviews Yakob expressed his desire to be friendly to the English. Merchants from India are beginning to frequent Yarkand, and it only required the removal of a few obstacles in the hill-countries subject to English influence to open out a field of trade of which it would be difficult to overestimate the importance. The whole region forms an elevated basin, in Central Asia, about four thousand feet above the sea-level, surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow-covered mountains, in many places more than twenty thousand feet high. On the east it passes into the sandy desert of Gobi, which separates it from China. All the rivers which descend from the snows of the mountain, flowing eastward, are lost in the sands, and, as there is little or no rain, the soil has to be fertilized by canals and irrigation. The beautiful cultivation and luxuriance of the thickly-peopled parts are due to these irrigating canals, which are exceedingly numerous and carefully kept.

Daily Work of the Heart.

Professor Houghton has recently calculated the total daily work performed by the human heart. He starts with the following postulates, which the physiologist will readily grant: 1. That three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart. 2. That the hydrostatic pressure on the left ventricle and aorta, against which the blood is forced out, amounts to a column of blood nine thousand nine hundred and twenty-three feet in vertical height. 3. That the muscular

force of the left ventricle, in contracting, bears to that of the right ventricle the ratio of thirteen to five. His calculations show that the daily work done by the left ventricle is eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and six foot-tons, while that done by the right ventricle is thirty-four thousand five hundred and two foot-tons, so that the total daily work of the heart is equivalent to a force lifting more than one hundred and twenty-four tons through one foot of vertical height. The following illustrations will enable our readers to appreciate this enormous force more fully: 1. Three old women, sitting beside the fire, alternately spinning and sleeping, do more work by the constant beating of their hearts than can be done in a day by the strongest "navvy." 2. No labor is regarded as more severe than that of the muscles employed during a boat-race, and yet their labor is only three-fourths of that exercised day and night during life by each of our hearts. 3. Let us suppose that the heart expends its extreme force in lifting its own weight vertically. It is found by calculation that it could raise its own weight nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty-four feet, or nearly four miles, in one hour. An active mountain-climber can lift his own body at the rate of one thousand feet per hour, which is only one-twentieth part of the energy of the heart. When a prize was offered, some years ago, for the locomotive Alp-engine that could lift its own weight through the greatest height in one hour, it was gained by the Bavaria, which lifted itself through two thousand seven hundred feet in an hour. This result, remarkable as it is, reaches only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. Hence, from whatever point of view we regard the human heart, it is entitled to be considered as the most wonderful mechanism with which we are acquainted.

Only a Baby Small.

Only a baby small,
Dropped from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
• Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.
Only a tender flower
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best.

—From "Poems," by Matthias Barr.

Education in Semi-barbarous Countries.

"The adherents to the old belief as to the civilizing influence of British intercourse," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "have recently received several severe shocks. Not only does it appear, upon trustworthy authority, that the 'semi-barbarous,' as we are told to call them, people of Japan have for many hundred years been in the enjoyment of a complete system of primary education, by means of which every member of the population is instructed; but even in wholly barbarous Chinese Tartary, we learn from Mr. Shaw's paper, read last week at the Royal Geographical Society, that every street in the numerous cities with which the country is dotted contains its primary school, where rows of turbaned boys may be seen daily at their first lessons in reading and writing."

Demoniacal Possessions.

James Freeman Clarke declares his belief in the reality of demoniacal possessions, and that they exist at the present day in the form of modern spiritualism. We find the following extract in the *Christian Leader*: "I have myself known, personally or by credible testimony, of at least half a dozen instances of persons, who, after having allowed themselves to become spiritual mediums, seem at last to have been taken possession of by a low and unclean order of spirits. And the best way of rescuing them when they were too far gone to help themselves, was to have some other person possessing greater spiritual force to do what Jesus did, namely, *order the spirit to go away*. I believe that in certain places and periods the nervous condition of men is such that the lower order of ghosts may get a control over them, and that when Jesus came it was just such a time and place as this."

Cultivating the Cinchona in the East Indies.

The efforts made during the last thirty years to introduce the culture of the cinchona, or Peruvian-bark tree, in the East Indies, have been crowned with signal success. Large forests of this tree, possessing such valuable properties, now cover certain parts of India, and guarantee its preservation, even supposing it were to die out in Peru and Chili, where it was originally found. In the Himalayan ranges, and in the islands of Ceylon, Java, Mauritius, and Reunion, at altitudes varying from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea-level, the quinquina-tree has thriven admirably, and is now a source of wealth and happiness to the hill-tribes in those countries.

Varieties.

THE story of "Bill Stumps, his mark," in Pickwick, has an historical basis. A countryman from Colmar, France, once puzzled all the antiquarian societies of the empire with the singular inscription on a vase, which he dug up. The mysterious letters were as follows:

T.E.R.R.E. D. F.O.I. .G.E. .AV. J.E.V.F. .S.

Floods of ink were poured out, and the question was still unsettled, when one day the proprietor of a restaurant of the city visited Baron S— to take his orders for a dinner to be given shortly. The baron had purchased the precious relic at an enormous price, and it was placed upon the table of his library together with other treasures. "Ah!" said the restaurateur, "what do you keep that old jar upon your table for? I have a dozen like it in my cellar." "A dozen like that?" said the baron, smiling ironically; "are you quite sure?" "Certainly; just read what is upon the outside: '*Terrine de foie gras aux truffes.*'"

Of the four thousand, two hundred and twenty-nine ministers of the reunited Presbyterian Church, only one thousand, five hundred and eighty, or thirty-seven per cent., are pastors; one thousand and forty-eight, or nearly one-fourth, are stated supplies, and eight hundred and seventy-four, or one-fifth, are without stated employment; while nine hundred and forty-one churches, more than one-fifth of the whole, are vacant. The average salaries of ministers are less than nine hundred dollars a year. Deducting the large salaries, there must be a large number with four hundred dollars or less. At least one thousand of the churches raised less than five hundred dollars each.

Miss Mitford, in one of her letters, relates the following anecdote of Lord Byron, which we have not met with before: "A gentleman was with him on a visit to an old house in the country, which had the reputation of being haunted. They had been telling ghost-stories all the evening, and in the middle of the night he was awakened by Lord B., with his hair on end and his teeth chattering, who declared his room was full of strange shapes and strange sounds; that he could not return to it; and begged his friend to allow him to sit by the side of his bedside till daylight, which he did. I have always thought he would and by being a Methodist."

At Trieste, on the 1st of March, about twenty minutes past twelve A. M., a violent shock of earthquake occurred, the oscillatory movements of which, from east to west, lasted three seconds. A rumbling sound, like the noise of many carriages rolling in the distance, was heard before and after the shock. A few walls were rent and shaken, while indoors the furniture was violently displaced by the commotion. The inhabitants, in a state of great excitement, rushed out of their houses into the streets, and remained there until the danger was over. At Ancona, on the 28th of February, a similar shock of earthquake occurred, which lasted ten seconds.

The culture of the pineapple is profitable in Florida. A local paper reports that one man in Key West has sold his crop of pineapples this year for nearly seven thousand dollars. The crop was gathered from less than an acre and a half of ground. The same man has one hundred and fifteen thousand plants, which will be in bearing next year. These cover less than seven acres of ground, and, if sold at the same rate as this year's crop, will net him sixty thousand dollars. The pineapple crop of next year, it is supposed, will exceed two hundred thousand dollars.

The term "putting your foot in it" is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there till one of them is tired, or, being stung by the insects, is compelled to yield, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is too generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it!"

A Parisian countess lately lost two valuable diamonds from her necklace. They were found in the street by a *gamin* who traded them to one of his fellows for a pocket-knife; the second boy played at marbles with

them, lost one in a gutter, and gave the other to a servant who showed it to her mistress, a jeweller's wife, who recognized it as belonging to the countess, who was one of her husband's customers. Afterward the other diamond was discovered in the conductor leading to the sewer, the boy indicating the spot where he had lost it.

Prof. Bourlot, of Colmar, in Alsace, France, from a comparison of ancient records of the time of year at which the storks arrived, and similar data, concludes that the climate of his province was milder in the middle ages than it is now. At the end of the thirteenth century, the storks used to arrive in the middle or at the beginning of January. They now rarely appear before the beginning of February.

John Bright was lately dining with a citizen of Manchester, who is an enthusiastic admirer of the United States. "I would like," said the host, "to come back fifty years after my death to see what a fine country American had become." "I believe you would be glad of any excuse to come back," said Mr. Bright, with a grim smile upon his face.

The British Admiral Ramsey says that on the coast of Africa he once saw a regiment of rifle-women, and, black as they were, he must say he never saw a finer regiment. All the officers were women, and there was not a single man in the whole regiment. They were most courageous, and fought bravely.

French medical statistics recently published affirm that the mortality among Frenchwomen had decreased by eighteen and one-half per cent. since the general loosening of corsets; but that since the introduction of chignons, cerebral fevers have increased by more than seventy per cent.

A young gentleman in Fifth Avenue, about five years old, of an inquiring turn of mind, lately astonished his mother by asking her where he was born; and, on being told, he gravely added: "Were you there, mamma, when I was born?"

In the French Cabinet there are two devoted musical amateurs—M. Richard, who is a great admirer of Meyerbeer; and M. Ollivier, who, besides playing the violin, has written for that instrument several concertos.

Episcopalians are more numerous in New York than in any other State in the Union. Pennsylvania comes next, with twenty-three thousand communicants, and Connecticut next, with sixteen thousand.

In "City Articles" the newspapers frequently observe that "money is tight." When that is so we may suppose that Plutus has been hobnobbing with Bacchus.

The new classes for girls at Cambridge, England, have proved a decided success, upward of fifty daughters of local tradesmen having availed themselves of the new scheme.

A San Francisco judge tempered justice with mercy by fining a starved girl twenty-five cents for stealing a can of milk, and then raising twenty dollars for her on the spot from sympathizing spectators.

Serious objection is made to woman suffrage in England, on the ground that if women voted a majority of them would be entirely influenced in their opinions by the clergy.

At the recent examination of the students of the Agricultural College, at Manhattan, Kansas, the ladies did quite as well as the young men in the higher mathematics and Greek.

Over one hundred young women are at present studying law in this country—many in the universities, but more in lawyer's offices, where they pay their tuition fees by writing.

Education is compulsory in the Russian army. The instruction is carried on by the officers of the regiment.

It is proposed to hold an International Congress of Geographers at Antwerp. Many eminent French *savants* have promised to take part.

How do people manage to sleep on a spring mattress all through the winter?

Tippling in Oshkosh is called "holding communication with disembodied spirits."

A fashion-writer says that the blue coat and brass buttons will be all the rage for full dress next winter.

The Museum.

THE architecture of birds is one of the most wonderful problems encountered by the naturalist in the course of his studies, and as he examines the beautifully-constructed nests of the humming-birds, the orioles, the titmice, and others noted for the grace and delicacy with which their nests are constructed, his wonder continually increases. In the accompanying illustrations two striking instances of nest-building are shown. One is the nest of the *penduline* titmouse. Suspended from the branches of trees, it has exactly the form of a chemist's retort, but,

instead of being built of exceedingly hard material, only fine moss and down enter into its composition. The opening is woven with care; not a vegetable fibre projects beyond another.

Who can say in what marvellous manner the bird, while upon the



Nest of the Penduline Titmouse.

wing, approaches its nest, enters it or leaves it by an opening which seems to have scarcely the diameter of its body, and never disturbs the slightest fibre, yet such is the fact.

The other nest, of which we give an illustration, is that of the *Fondia*

erythroptera, a specimen of which is in the Museum at Rouen. This bird selects two or three rushes near each other, and then, with grasses, rushes, and other vegetable fibres, weaves a coarse and imperfect tissue, which, in the shape of a shallow cup, serves to hold the female and her



Nest of the *Fondia Erythroptera*.

growing brood. These nests, each equally surprising of its kind, serve to illustrate two of the extremes of the weaver's art; for among birds there are veritable weavers, knitting with beak and claws a fabric which would do credit to human skill.

CONTENTS OF NO. 56, APRIL 23, 1870.

	PAGE
"ARABS HUNTING THE WILD-GOAT." (Illustration.) From a Painting by Horace Vernet.....	449
WHERE WE GET COAL, AND HOW. (Illustrated.) By President Henry Coppée.....	450
THE LADY OF THE ICE: Chapters XI. to XIII. (Illustrated.) By James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc.....	454
THE THREE BROTHERS: Chapter XXXV. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	459
THE SUCCESSFUL NOVELIST. By Annie Thomas.....	462

DURING THE RED TERROR. By Rev. Dr. Keatinge.....	465
LEAH. By Edgar Fawcett.....	468
FRENCH WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. By B. F. De Costa.....	468
HORACE VERNET. By Eugene Benson.....	469
TABLE-TALK.....	470
ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.....	471
SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	472
LITERARY NOTES.....	473
MISCELLANY.....	473
VARIETIES.....	475
THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	475

The two great objects of a learner's ambition ought to be, to speak a foreign language idiomatically, and to pronounce it correctly; and these are the objects which are most carefully provided for in the MASTERY SERIES.

THE MASTERY OF LANGUAGES;

OR,

THE ART OF SPEAKING LANGUAGES IDIOMATICALLY.

By THOMAS PRENDERGAST.

- I.—HAND-BOOK OF THE MASTERY SERIES.
- II.—THE MASTERY SERIES. FRENCH.
- III.—THE MASTERY SERIES. GERMAN.
- IV.—THE MASTERY SERIES. SPANISH.

Price Fifty Cents each.

From Prof. E. M. GALLAUDET, of National Deaf-Mute College.

"The results which crowned the labor of the first week were so astonishing, that he fears to detail them fully, lest doubts should be raised as to his credibility. But this much he does not hesitate to claim, that after a study of less than two weeks he was able to sustain conversation in the newly-acquired language on a great variety of subjects."

*. Either of the above volumes sent by mail, free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
90, 92 & 94 GRAND ST., NEW YORK.

NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with Number FORTY-THREE.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, will also appear in *Supplements*, once a month, each monthly part, as published in England, *issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete*.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

"THE LADY OF THE ICE," by JAMES DE MILLE, was commenced in Number Fifty-three of the JOURNAL, and will be completed in thirteen numbers.